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ALL AROUND

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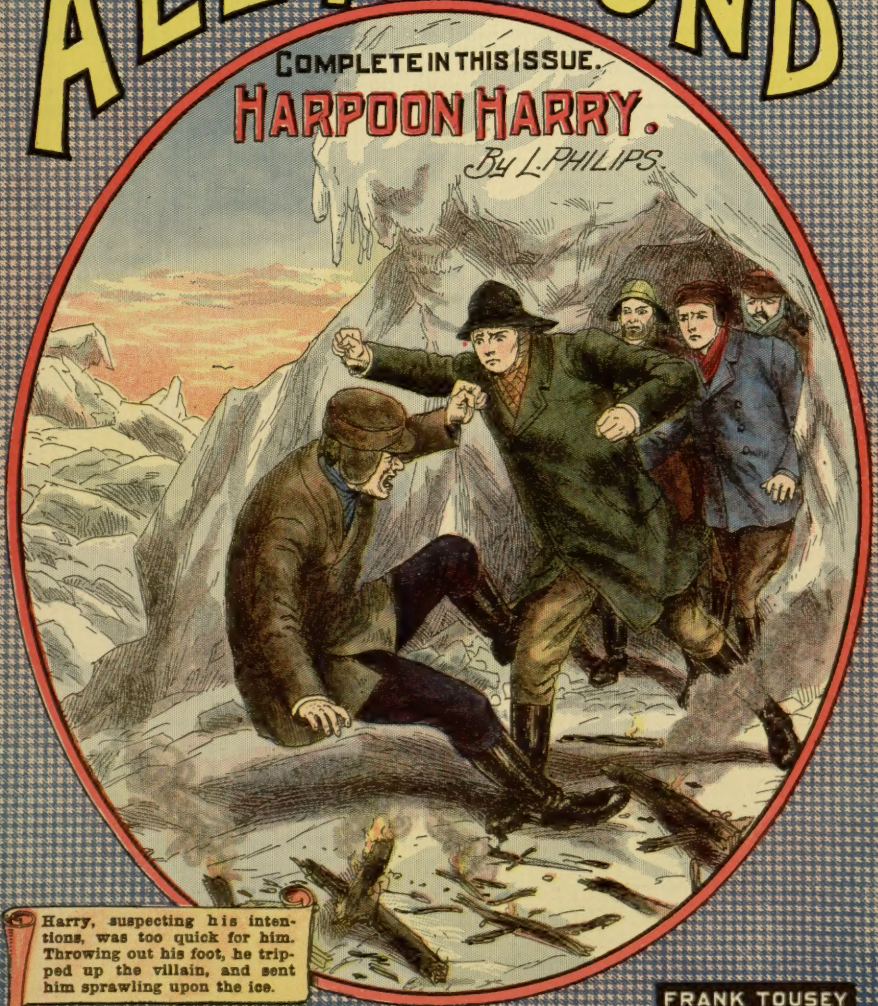
HARPOON HARRY.

By L. PHILIPS.



Harry, suspecting his intentions, was too quick for him. Throwing out his foot, he tripped up the villain, and sent him sprawling upon the ice.

WEEKLY.

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HARPOON HARRY

OR,

The Castaways of the Antarctic

By L. PHILIPS

CHAPTER I.

IN PURSUIT OF A LEVIATHAN.

"There she blows!"

This cry came from the mast-head of the whaling bark Dolphin of New Bedford, Darius Dickinson, master, the vessel being at that time many degrees south of Cape Horn, in the Pacific Ocean.

The young man who had uttered that hail, so welcome to the ears of every old whaler, was one Harry Remington, a boatsteerer or harpooner on board the Dolphin, as clear-sighted a young fellow as ever lived.

Syd Randolph, who pulled bow oar in the same boat with Harry, was on the fore-mast, Harry being on the main, and he had not seen anything as yet, though he was noted for his sharp eye, and had often raised whales before the captain himself even had seen them.

"Where do you make 'em, Harry?" asked Syd, who, though occupying a position inferior to that of the other, never called him "Sir," the two young men being chums of very long standing.

"On the weather beam, sir, coming straight for us!" cried Harry in answer to the captain's hail from deck.

"I see 'em, sir," now cried Syd. "There's three or four of 'em, and they look to be big ones."

"Stand by for stays!" shouted the captain. "All hands on deck."

The watch below came on deck, and the vessel was put on another tack in short order, the boats being then got ready for a chase after the leviathans.

The Dolphin lowered four boats, having a very large crew, each boat requiring six men, and with the extra hands needed, the cook, steward, carpenter, blacksmith, cooper, and ship-keeper, besides one or two supers, the number of hands aboard was something over forty.

Harry Remington was the harpooner of the captain's boat, Syd Randolph pulled the bow oar; Pedro Varela, a Spaniard, was stroke, and Jim Bolt and Jed Martingale were tub and 'midship oars, respectively.

Harry was from New Bedford, and had followed the sea from the time he was ten years old, being now twenty-three, his earnings serving to support his widowed mother at home.

He was a favorite with nearly all on board, the exceptions being the Spaniard and the ship-keeper, a rough-spoken fellow of middle age by the name of Rufus Manning.

The Dolphin had already been out three years, and had shipped home over two thousand barrels of oil, sperm, whale and humpback, having at this time on board four hundred barrels of sperm and one hundred and fifty of right whale oil, it being the intention of the skipper to make for Talcahaana, in Chili, in a few weeks, discharge his oil, and then take a run over towards the Sandwich Islands until winter.

That would make her six months from her last port, and that was as long a time as she ever remained out, it being necessary to put in as often as twice a year to take on a supply of fresh meat and vegetables.

But to return to the Dolphin, where a scene of bustling activity was taking place.

Four or five large right whales had been made out, and, as they were speeding through the water at a great rate, it was thought best to pursue them at once.

It would not do to let the vessel come too near before lowering the boats, as its presence might alarm them, and cause them to go all the faster.

Line-tubs, boat-kegs, and all the other necessary things were put in, including a quantity of cold meat and bread, harpoons were spliced on, sheath-knives brought out, superfluous clothing dispensed with, and everything made ready for the chase.

The lookouts came down from aloft, the ship-keeper went up and got ready his signal flags, the men stood at the falls ready to lower the boats, one of the extras took the wheel, and the crew that was to remain on board stood ready to obey orders.

"Lower!" cried the captain, the boats having already been swung off the cranes.

With a splash the four boats struck the water, the men jumping in as they descended.

There was a good breeze, and the masts were, therefore, stepped and sail made, the four little cockle-shells then putting away from the vessel; the captain's first, then the mate's, and after them those headed by the second and third mates respectively.

Over the waves they danced, the men using their oars in order to make the more speed, the bark meanwhile standing off and on; the ship-keeper's flag flying to show that the whales were still in sight.

Presently Harry, looking over his shoulder as he pulled his oar, saw a big fellow rise upon the top of a huge wave and spout out a column of vapor.

"There she blows!" he yelled!

"Aye, aye, boy; I see him!" muttered the captain; while Pedro gritted his teeth, and thought to himself:

"Ha! I would like to put out those sharp eyes, or run a knife in the back of the boaster."

"Pull hearty, my boys!" said the captain. "We ought to come up with him soon."

So they should have, but the whale suddenly sounded and went out of sight.

They were near enough to see his wake as he went down, however, and they followed in the direction he was most likely to go, using both oars and sails.

After about twenty minutes of this sort of thing, Syd, suddenly looking over his shoulder, cried:

"There he breaches!"

The whale, coming suddenly to the surface, left the water completely, and throwing his body clean into the air more than ten feet, came down again with a tremendous splashing and a sound like thunder only two hundred feet away.

The waves were lashed into foam as the huge body descended upon them, and the little boat rocked and tossed, threatening to be swamped at any moment.

"Take in sail, unstep the mast!" hoarsely whispered the captain. "Pull ahead, stroke and tub; the other boys will look out for the rest."

In an incredibly short time the mast was taken down and stowed away under the thwarts, and then all hands took to their oars again, the whale lying idly on the water after his sudden appearance.

After a few strokes, the boat being then within two boats' lengths of the monster, Harry shipped his oar, and taking his harpoon stood up in the bow with his knee in the chock, ready for a dart.

The skipper turned the bow so that Harry could get a favorable spot to strike, and the men put all their strength on the oars for the next few strokes.

The boat was soon alongside, and then, aiming at a point just abaft the hump, Harry suddenly raised his harpoon, and hurling it swiftly through the air, sent it deep into the huge cetacean's side.

"Stern all!" roared the captain, as the monster, with a roar and a shake of his huge flukes beating the sea into foam turned upon them.

Harry quickly seized another harpoon as the line began to pass out swiftly, and looping it on, sent it whizzing into the blubber of the whale.

The latter now suddenly turned half about and darted ahead with lightning speed.

For a moment the line slackened, and then the captain took two turns around the loggerhead with it and went forward, while Harry went aft to steer.

Through the water they were towed, but presently the line tightened so much that it was deemed prudent to let out several fathoms of it, when it was again made fast, the whale towing them at a high rate of speed.

"He won't go long at that rate, with two harpoons sticking into him," muttered the captain. "Them was good darts of your'n, my boy."

"They call me Harpoon Harry, sir, and I suppose that's the reason I had a good show, and I'd have been a fool to have neglected it."

"Men don't always make good darts when they have a good show, my lad. There was that cross-eyed cuss of a Sanders, what was harpooner for me once. The old puddin'-head! I put him slap onto a whale at a fathom's dis-

tance, and hang me if he didn't pitch-pole his harpoon clear over him, and fetch it bottom up on the critter's back.

"Why, that swivel-eyed muff was the laughin'-stock of the boat's crew, and two on 'em was green and one a little Portugee, what ought never to have went whalin' anyhow, 'cause he was no good; fact is, I never saw a 'Gee or a Malay that was. Give me white men all the time for work that needs nerve and brain."

For half an hour the whale continued to tow them, the vessel by that time being very nearly out of sight.

The mate had struck a whale, and the third mate had gone to his assistance, the second coming to the captain's aid, and succeeding in fastening one more harpoon into him.

The leviathan dragged the two boats after him for some time after this, until at last, becoming fatigued and slackening his speed, the skipper concluded to make an attempt to kill him.

The boys took their oars and pulled ahead, Harry laying the course of the boat so as to bring it alongside the head.

Standing up in the bow, the "old man" plunged a sharp lance deep into the huge creature's head several times, when, with a roar, he began to spout blood and go into his flurry, as the dying struggles of these animals is called.

The boat was quickly rowed away, the skipper shooting a bomb-lance into his victim as he left, and this, exploding, made it particularly lively for the creature.

He succeeded, before he finished, in demolishing the second mate's boat and treating the occupants to a bath, but soon afterward gave up his life with a terrible struggle, the waves being red with blood and shiny with oil when he finally turned upon his side, exposing his white belly, and lay dead upon the water.

It was two o'clock when the boats had been lowered; it was nearly seven when the men again trod the decks of the Dolphin, the sun being then low on the horizon.

As it sank beneath the waves the bodies of the two whales were lying alongside, one to starboard, the other to port, secured with heavy chains passed around their bodies, heads and tails to keep them from floating away or sinking, and the men were eating their suppers, both fore and aft.

"Turn in, everybody," said the skipper, when the night-watches were set, the whale being lashed, and all sail taken in, the wind having gone down with the sun.

"We'll only keep an anchor-watch," he added, "but I want to see you all up by daylight to-morrow, 'cause it'll take us a good day to strip the blubber off'n these greasers. There's a good two hundred and fifty barrels between them, and Lord knows how many hundred pounds of bone. This 'ere catch will send us into port all the sooner, my boys."

CHAPTER II.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED BUT FOR SYD.

Harry Remington had the deck to himself between twelve and two o'clock, a time when men usually sleep the soundest.

The wheel was lashed, and there was no sail set, so that all our hero had to do was to keep a lookout for any sudden changes in the wind, to warn the captain in case he saw a squall coming on, and to see that nothing happened to the two carcasses alongside.

The night was just a trifle chilly, though not cold if one were moving about, and Harry, muffled to the chin, his hands thrust deep into the pockets of his reefer, walked up and down the deck, softly humming to himself and busy with his thoughts.

Nearly all sailors while away the long hours of the night watches by smoking, and if a short, black clay pipe was not a very romantic thing for a hero to possess, it was certainly conducive to his comfort, for as he sent out fragrant puffs of smoke, he forgot danger and trouble, and was as happy as a lord.

From time to time he would glance up at the sky, take a look at the compass, or see that the chains were in good condition, not that he suspected anything wrong, but more to keep on the safe side.

Below in his bunk Syd Randolph lay asleep and dreaming, not a sound being heard but an occasional snore of some restless sleeper, or the gentle swash of the waves; the lamp hung against the Sampson post, shedding a dim light over the scene and casting grotesque shadows upon the floor as it swung to and fro with the motion of the vessel.

Syd was generally a sound sleeper, as one is apt to be who never gets more than four hours of continuous sleep, and it was therefore something of a surprise to him when he suddenly found himself wide awake and sitting up in "his bunk."

Something must have happened, he thought, and yet it was still dark, the light was yet burning, and none of his comrades were stirring.

Suddenly, however, he heard a stealthy footfall upon the steps leading to the deck, and the hatchway was darkened, much to his surprise, for ordinarily he could see the stairs of a night from where he lay, being in an upper tier bunk.

Somebody was going on deck, but that fact would not have caused him any particular emotion had he not heard the whispered words:

"Now will be as good a time as any to dispose of him, and no one be the wiser. Ha! I hate him."

Then the form on the steps passed on, and Syd saw the

stars shining down on him from above, the hatchway having been left open for ventilation.

"By Jove! it's that miserable Spaniard, and I know he hates Harry like the deuce. He means mischief to some one. By George! I wonder if it's Harry's watch now?"

Syd was partly dressed, and it did not take him many seconds to leap out of his bunk, buckle on his belt, slip into his shoes and clap on his hat, leaving his reefer behind for press of time.

Up the companionway he flew, and as he reached the deck he glanced hastily around him in search of Harry.

He saw a form pacing up and down just abaft the tryworks, and hurrying towards him he said, in a low, hurried tone:

"Is that you, Harry, old fellow:

"Yes. What are you doing on deck at this time of night, Syd? You won't have to rout out for nearly three hours yet. It's only just gone three bells."

"Did you see any one?" asked Syd, coming closer and speaking low.

"No; what's the matter?"

"Not Pedro?"

"No one."

"The beggar means mischief"; and then walking aft with his chum, Syd told him what he had overheard the man saying.

"You must have been dreaming, old man. No one has come up but yourself. Go back to your bunk and finish your nap."

"No; I think I'll finish your watch with you."

"As you like, old man; and, to tell the truth, I'm not sorry to have you, because it's lonesome enough up here with no one about."

Harry then turned his pipe over to Syd to finish, and the two walked up and down, talking in low tones until four bells, when Harry struck the hour on the bells forward and ran below to call his relief.

During the time that the two young men were on deck together nothing happened, but had they not had their backs turned at the moment, they might have seen, shortly after they began their walk, a dark, crouching figure steal hastily from behind the lee of the tryworks, cross the deck hurriedly and dive down the forecastle hatch.

But they did not see this, nor did they hear the figure murmur as he crept softly into his bunk:

"That meddler! if he puts his foot into my plans again, I'll stick a knife into him, too, confound his impudence."

When Syd came below, after Harry had finally retired, he saw the Spaniard lying in his bunk fast asleep, a cruel smile playing over his swarthy face.

"So, my brave fellow, you mean mischief, do you?" muttered the young man. "Stab a man in the dark, behind his back, I suppose? Well, you're cowardly enough for anything, and I'll keep an eye on you hereafter."

Soon after four o'clock all hands were called on deck, and when the men had had a mug of hot coffee, the work of "cutting in" or stripping the blubber from the whales began.

Falls were rigged, the windlass set to going, the grindstone got out and a man put behind it so that the knives and spades and lances could be sharpened, and the work began.

Huge strips of blubber, six feet in width and twice as long, were hoisted up and cut off, a second hook being inserted in the blubber to serve the next piece, the carcass being turned over and over as the blubber came off.

The big strips, called "blanket" pieces, were cut into pieces six inches wide and thick, and three feet long, and then thrown into huge tubs, ready for the pots.

The heads were brought on deck the last of all, and cut up, the oil in them being subjected to a slight warming only, and then put down in casks.

During the day, while Harry was superintending the hauling in of a huge blanket piece that had just been cut loose, the guy rope on the windlass suddenly slackened and the great, greasy mass came inboard at a terrible rate, our hero being directly in the path.

Should it fall upon him he would be killed, crushed to death in an instant.

Pedro, the Spaniard, was directing the men at the windlass.

The mass of blubber was falling at the same time it was sweeping over the deck, and Harry stood directly beneath it.

Was its sudden breaking away from the guy the result of accident or design?

"Look out!" yelled the skipper, who was himself in some danger, hurrying away from the perilous locality.

Harry saw the danger and turned to run, but his foot slipping on the slimy deck, which fairly ran with oil, he fell heavily on his back directly under the falling mass.

In another moment it would descend upon him.

Jed tried to turn it aside with a pike, but the staff was hurled from his grasp, and he was sent spinning across the deck and down the open hatchway into the hold.

He escaped, luckily, with nothing more serious than a general shaking up, having fallen upon a huge coil of rope used in rigging the falls.

At the same instant, however, Syd, who was behind him, laid hold of Harry's collar with both hands, and exerting all his strength, started backwards toward the bow.

He, too, slipped when he had gone a few feet, but sitting down rather forcibly on the deck, he slid to windward at a rapid rate, still holding on Harry's collar.

The deck was so slippery, and the vessel having heeled to windward just then, both young men slid down into the scuppers like lightning, Syd's head coming against the bulwarks with a resounding thump.

The mass of blubber struck the deck with a thud and slid out again towards the open gangway, but fortunately no one was hurt by it.

Pedro, swearing like a pirate, cursed the men at the windlass for their stupidity, and secured the guy so that her blanket piece could be handled by the men waiting to cut it up.

"What you do?" he hissed, with an oath. "You want to kill a man? You should be put on the top of the mast for a week!"

This sort of language blinded the captain and most of the crew, but did not humbug Syd, who knew perfectly well that the slipping of the guy had been intentional, and that the cruel Spaniard fully meant that Harry should be killed, or at least badly injured.

The men at the windlass knew perfectly well who was to blame in the matter, but as those who knew most, feared most, they did not say anything, having no idea of bringing the wrath of the treacherous fellow down upon them.

The whole thing was a put-up job, you may be sure of it," whispered Syd, as he and Harry got up and began to clean some of the oil and filth from their clothes.

"You think that Pedro had a hand in this thing?"

"Certainly I do. However, let's keep dark about it. I'll watch the ugly scoundrel, though, and the first time I see him at any of his nonsense, I'll go for him."

"Be you hurt much, Harry?" asked the skipper, now breaking into a laugh. "Gosh! how you and Syd did spin across the deck. That's a new way to go skatin'."

Harry assured the old fellow that he was not seriously hurt, and the work went on, Pedro saying, with many apologies, that he was sorry his friend had been in such danger, and that he wouldn't have such a lot of stupids at the windlass again.

"That's all gammon," muttered Syd to his chum, as they went to another part of the deck. "He's mad enough to eat his own head for failing to disable or kill you. What has he got against you, anyhow?"

"I can't imagine. I'll look out for him now, though, for I must believe you. I am not afraid of him, but I hate this secret business. If he wants to fight me, square and aboveboard, I'll give him all he can take care of."

CHAPTER III.

THE MUTINY—AN UNEXPECTED TURN OF AFFAIRS.

When the night-watches were set, the blubber had been all taken, a large quantity of it made ready for the mincers, the bone put away, and the try-work fires set alight.

When trying-out is going on aboard a whaler, the night is divided into two watches of six hours each, the day watches being the same, and the fires are not allowed to go out, day or night, until every bit of oil is extracted.

The two chimneys of the works sent out huge clouds of thick, black smoke, the fires roared under the iron pots, an officer stood in front of them dipping oil from one to another, or into the huge copper cooler, two boat-steerers threw the minced blubber into pots, and three men at the mincer kept it turning and slashing and vomiting great pieces of blubber, all split and cut, from night till morning.

There would be spells of rest for the different sets of men from time to time, and then they would light their pipes and enjoy a lazy smoke, or lunch off cold tea, and bread and meat, sometimes plunging a half-loaf of bread, stuck through with a great blubber-fork, into the seething oil, and allowing it to remain until brown and crisp—a delicious morsel, for all that it seems disgusting, though one that must be taken in moderation if the internal economy of a man's system is to be at all respected.

Through all the noise and bustle of the night, the clatter of the mincer, the roar of the fires, the shouts of the men, the swash of the sea, the watch below slept soundly, and when Harry and Syd turned in at midnight, after removing every particle of clothing, rubbing themselves down with plenty of clean oakum, and then rolling up in the blankets to take a parting whiff of a pipe, they fell asleep as readily, when they were ready for slumber, as if they had been in a desert, and never once opened their eyes or moved until the watch was called the next morning.

For three whole days the fires were kept up, till all the oil was tried out and put in casks, after which the refuse was disposed of, the bone cleaned and prepared for stowing away, the decks scrubbed, the try-works covered over, oily clothes washed, things cleaned up generally and the vessel put to rights, after which the regular watches were resumed and men were stationed at the masthead as usual on the lookout for whales.

Something over two hundred barrels of oil had been secured, besides several hundred pounds of whalebone, not bad for a week's work, and the crew felt themselves much richer than they had been.

For two or three days Syd kept a careful watch upon the Spaniard, but saw nothing suspicious in his conduct, and at last, though he did not relax in vigilance, began to think that Pedro had thought better of his evil intentions, and that Harry was safe.

He noticed that the man had of late a good deal to say to the ship-keeper, Rufus Manning, but had he heard what they were talking about he might have changed his mind regarding Pedro's intentions.

"You haven't been able to do anything, have you?" asked the ship-keeper of Pedro one night, as the two sat together in the galley, the cook having gone to bed.

"No, and he's always on the watch, he and that chum of his, Syd Randolph."

"Can't you get rid of him, too, at the same time? He's not in the bargain, but that don't matter."

"I hate 'em both, and I hate the captain for liking them. I could kill 'em all three."

"Do you know that there's more of the same opinion? What would you say if a mutiny should spring up, and certain men aboard here be put to sea in an open boat?"

"Sacramento! I have heard mutterings, but—— Can any one hear us?"

"No. Let me tell you that two of the mates hate the captain, that we have twenty men who would like to see some one else at the head, and who would rise up in a minute if anybody said the word."

"Take the bark, then!" hissed Pedro, "and take her to South America, dispose of the oil, and fill her up with gold. I am an old miner. I know of hidden treasures of which I alone the secret possess. Let us be rich—let us be free! Do not let us slave out our lives for the ditry oil!"

"All we want is a pretext for rising."

"Then find it, for you can easy do it—and behold! all our enemies are got rid of. We are rich. I have my vengeance, and cannot return to the United States for my reward."

"That you can do, too, for with money in our pockets any one will believe us. The ship can be destroyed. It is easy to say she was wrecked."

"You are right. I can secure more men. I await only your signal."

"It was understood that they were to sail immediately, or very shortly, for Talahuana; but the next day, much to the surprise of all, the skipper announced that they would remain on their present grounds another month, and then go to the whaling grounds in the vicinity of the Island of Aristan d'Acunha for another month, then to the River Platte, and finally to St. Helena, where they would discharge.

This would lengthen their stay on the ocean by four months or more, and as they had reckoned on getting in within a month, the men expressed great dissatisfaction at the new programme.

The two senior mates protested, and they were joined by several of the under officers, the men making no effort to disguise their sullenness.

Captain Darius Dickinson was as obstinate a Yankee as ever breathed, and when his will was opposed he declared flatly that he would not alter it, and that if any man grumbled he would be put in irons.

"Then you'll have to put your whole crew in irons, you old fool!" snapped the mate, Mr. Brown, bringing his fist down upon the table.

"Or get put there yourself!" cried the second mate, Mr. Sampson, "for we're all tired of you, and want a better man."

"By Heavens! this is mutiny," roared the captain. "Mr. Archer, ship-keeper, carpenter, come here and take these men down into the run."

"I'll be blessed if I will!" answered Manning, stepping into the cabin. "You're an old muttonhead, 'Rius Dickinson, and the sooner we get rid of you the better."

Archer, the third mate, came hurrying in, and was about to resent this insulting speech with a blow, when Pedro sprang in, and seizing him around the middle, threw him to the cabin deck.

"Wake up the boys, Pedro!" cried Manning, with a laugh.

At this the two mates seized and held the captain, Manning put his foot on Archer's neck, and Pedro ran on deck and blew a shrill whistle.

In an instant the man at the wheel left his place, a seaman at the masthead came sliding down the shrouds to the deck, three of the boat-steerers rushed up from below, and from the forecastle came eight or ten brawny fellows, all meeting just abaft the try-works.

"What in the name of goodness is the matter, Harry?" called Syd from his place on the foremast to Harry, on the main.

"I don't know. Something is up, I guess. By George! it's a mutiny. There's the captain struggling with Brown and Sampson, and Pedro has Archer by the throat."

"And the Dolphin is left to make her own way. The sails will all be aback in a moment."

The captain had rushed on deck to call assistance, still struggling with his two mutinous officers, while Archer, having succeeded in upsetting Rufus, had followed, only to be seized by Pedro.

"All hands on deck! Down from aloft!" yelled the skipper. "There is mutiny aboard! Ahoy there, all friends of the law!"

Harry and Syd came sliding down to the deck, and as they reached it they drew their sheath-knives, as well they might, for Manning, Pedro and the cook, a ruffianly-looking fellow, were rushing towards them with knives or iron belaying-pins in their hands.

"Stand up for your rights, captain!" cried Harry. "Here are two more on your side."

Then he dealt Manning a blow on the cheek that floored

him, while Syd sent Pedro flying against the lee rail, his knife falling from his grasp to the deck.

"There is blood upon it," cried Syd. "Good Heaven! there has been murder here!"

At the next instant Harry nearly tripped over the body of Archer, lying face upon the deck, with an ugly gash in the left breast.

One of the mutineers ran to the wheel, while Brown, the mate, placed himself against the cabin doorway and prevented any one from entering.

Captain Dickinson, inflamed with rage, had just seized a knife from the hand of the carpenter, as Harry and Syd came bounding to his side.

Sampson was about to rush at him, when he was seized from behind by the two chums.

Thinking only of his loss of authority, the skipper suddenly sprang upon the man, as the boys held him, and, before they could divine his intentions, he had downed him.

"What have I done?" he cried, in agony, starting back, his face turning the hue of ashes.

The two boys released the form of the mutineer, and it fell to the deck with a heavy sound.

"By Jove! this is a serious business!" gasped Harry. "Captain, they will murder you!"

All this time—though it was really but three or four minutes—a regular free fight had been going on among the men; but, as Harry spoke, the combatants suddenly separated, and took up positions on either side of the deck, just in front of the cabin doors.

On the starboard were the skipper, the two boys, Jed Martingale and Jim Bolt, the two oarsmen in Harry's boat, the blacksmith, cooper, and two other sailors, nine persons in all. While on the port were all the others still alive, nearly twenty in number; for many had joined the mutineers from fear.

"We've got the best of you, captain, or, I mean, rather, Mr. Dickinson," said Rufus, with a leer. "This ship belongs to us now, and we're going to run it to suit ourselves."

"How many of you will join us?" asked Brown. "We won't have the late captain, nor that skulking beast of a smith, nor that wooden-headed carpenter; but the rest are good enough."

"We are going to the land of gold," cried Pedro. "Who will join us?"

"You can count me out of your murderous gang," cried Harry, "for I won't have anything to do with you."

"The same here," cried the two sailors, simultaneously.

"Set 'em adrift! kill 'em!" hissed Pedro, rushing at Harry with his knife in hand.

The young man seized an iron belaying-pin from the rail and struck the wretch a blow upon the head which stretched him senseless upon the deck.

"Think better of it, Harry," said Brown.

"No! You are murderers, and——"

"The word sounds well from you, who held Sampson's arms while the skipper killed him like a pig. We will have no blood-letters on board. To sea you all go, the cursed Spaniard among the lot."

At these words Pedro suddenly arose to his feet and staggered across deck.

"Lower the starboard boat and give 'em sails, oars, water and food for a week," cried Brown. "Then pack 'em all into it."

"Don't give 'em any grub. Let 'em starve!" hissed the Spaniard. "Don't give 'em any oars; let 'em be capsized. Ha, ha, we don't want them to escape. Better pitch 'em overboard at once and let them drown. That's what I'll do."

As some of the men flew to obey Mr. Brown's orders, Rufus turned upon the Spaniard and said, with a laugh:

"You needn't be so eager to deprive your comrades of every comfort, Pedro, for you are going with them."

"What!" fairly shrieked the man, turning pale. "Me? I am going with them? Caramba! you are mad!"

"Get your duds ready, you dirty sea-lawyer," cried Brown to the astonished Pedro, "for as sure as I live, you're going on a voyage along with your friend, the captain."

"Caramba! this is a jest—a joke. You make fun of me," answered the other, uneasily. "I am your pilot, your guide to the land of gold."

"Our guide to the infernal regions, more likely. No more talk, for you are going with the others. We don't have murderers on board this vessel."

"No, no! No murderers!" cried all the mutineers in chorus, while Rufus Manning laughed scornfully in the villain's face.

Then the wretch fell on his knees before the mutineer, now the recognized captain, and begged and prayed that he might be allowed to remain on board.

He raved, he wept, he threw himself flat on the deck, he tore his hair and foamed at the mouth, shrieking, praying and holding fast to the knees of the man who had pronounced his doom.

"Get up, you fool," said Rufus, kicking him in the side, while Brown shook him off. "We don't want you, and never did. There's more money to be made by the means we propose than to digging gold in your old mines, and be killed by Indians or your own treacherous countrymen."

"For the love of Heaven, do not abandon me to that cruel ocean. I will work, I will slave, I will——"

"Go to blazes!" roared the new captain with an oath, hurling Pedro from him. "Now, then, the boat is waiting, so in with you."

Already the sharks were swarming around the vessel, and rather than brave the dangers of the sea in an open boat, the frenzied captain and two of the sailors leaped overboard as the mutineers prepared to put them into the boat.

A moment later and the pair were gone, while a shudder went through our hero's frame as he thought that such might eventually be his own fate.

CHAPTER IV.

SET ADRIFT.

The boat was ready, and Harry descended to it and took his place in his accustomed seat without a murmur, Syd following.

Jed and Jim came next and then the carpenter and blacksmith; Pedro being bundled in more dead than alive and thrown into the bottom, where he lay unconscious.

"Good-by," called out Manning from the deck of the Dolphin. "I leave you a pleasant companion. You'd better take his knife away from him while he is still senseless."

"Help me get up the mast, Syd," said Harry, and Jed and Jim helped the young fellows to do this work, when the sail was hoisted, Harry sitting in the stern and holding the sheet.

As the Dolphin left them behind, Harry arose in his place and called out to those on board:

"I would rather be here, adrift on the wide ocean, than with you. The day will come when the crimes you have this day committed will be amply avenged, and don't be too sure that the stanch vessel that now bears you away is a stancher craft than this little boat."

Then he sat down, Syd taking his place by his side, Jed and Jim occupying seats in the bow, and the carpenter and blacksmith amidships, the intervening spaces being occupied by the supplies left aboard.

Though the boat made a fair rate of speed, she could not hope to keep up with the ship, and before an hour had passed she was out of sight.

At this time Pedro recovered his senses, being more dewildered and dazed than unconscious the latter part of the time, and sitting upright on the thwart forward of that he usually occupied, gazed eagerly around him on all sides.

"Where is she?" he asked.

Jed pointed in the direction whence the bark had last been seen, but said nothing.

"The fiends have deserted me, and I would have made them rich. Fool that I was to trust that Rufus. If I ever meet him again I'll kill him, if it's fifty years from this."

No one replied to this speech, which had been addressed to no one in particular, the different groups in the little party carrying on conversations between themselves, and paying no attention to their unwelcome companion.

"Have you got anything to eat?" asked Pedro, at length. "The brutes haven't left us to starve?"

Jed pointed to a keg of hard-tack under a thwart, and then to a deck-bucket containing salt-cooked meat.

The Spaniard took a piece of meat twice as big as his two fists from the bucket, and cutting off a piece about an inch thick and two square, began chewing on it, putting the remainder into the breast of his blue shirt.

Taking a dozen pilot biscuits he ate half a one, and put the rest where he had placed the meat, after which he took a long draught from one of the boat kegs, and then placed it between his feet under the thwart.

"It's every man for himself here," he growled, eating voraciously, "and you are six to one. The wretches knew I would be killed when they left me with you, but I'm going to fight hard if attacked, so bear that in mind."

"You're a brute!" spoke up Syd, hotly, "and we're not at all proud of your company. You killed Archer and you have twice tried to kill Harry, to my certain knowledge".

Pedro went on with his eating and drinking, and made no answer, while Syd continued:

"You've helped yourself to the grub without any regard to us, and now you sha'n't have any more until we've all had the same amount. There are others in the boat besides you. We'll give you your share, but no more, so just remember that. Six fellows are not going to suffer on account of the greed of one hog."

Pedro made no answer except to dart a look of deep hatred out of his small, deep-set, black eyes, but that look spoke volumes.

"Don't anger him, Syd," said Harry, in a low tone; "we had better hold no communication with him whatever."

Night came on at last, and Jed and Jim came aft and sat in the stern sheets, Harry curling up on a thwart and Syd bunking in the bottom of the boat.

Wood, the carpenter, and Lock, the blacksmith, took the second watch, going on duty at midnight, and promising to wake the two boys at sunrise, when they would all decide upon a plan for their future guidance.

During the night the wind came on to blow tremendous-

ly, and from a different quarter to what it had previously been in.

They were obliged to go with it or lose their sail and run the risk of being swamped, their new course taking them almost due south.

Pedro would not stand any watch, and, indeed, he was not asked to do so, none of the party caring to trust him, and so, shifting his position to the bow, he carried his keg of water and supply of provisions thither, and curling himself up under the peak, went to sleep.

The next morning the gale was still blowing, and as their course was still nearly south, as they ascertained by reference to the small boat compass, they knew that they must be going further and further from the Dolphin every hour.

"What can we do?" said Harry; "this gale is driving us away from any land, and we are powerless to prevent it. There is nothing in the south."

"Except ice-bergs," said Jed. "We've passed the last land we would be likely to make, and the way we are going there's nothin' but ice or barren rocks."

"There's the Antarctic continent," remarked Syd.

"And a poor enough place that is, as you'll find, if you ever reach it," retorted Wood. "You can't even build a house."

Somebody always remained awake during the day, but the Spaniard remained in his place at the bow, and never once offered any violence nor spoke to his fellow-castaways.

He ate and slept regularly, and occasionally would roll himself a cigarette, having tobacco and paper always in his pocket, and would enjoy the luxury of a quiet smoke.

For three days the gale lasted, and the sails were very much worn and fringed at the edges from the constant shaking.

Pedro always slept at night, and made no attempt at molesting his comrades, saying nothing to them, and now rarely talking to himself.

Every morning his rations for the day were laid on the thwart by the carpenter, and when his water gave out he was given a quantity equal to that given to each of the others, no more, no less.

On the sixth day the gale abated after displaying a fit of unusual violence, during which the sail was carried away, the mast snapped off at one-half its height, and the whole party nearly deluged with the heavy seas that broke over them.

At the end of eight days the poor carpenter died of exhaustion, and his body was confided to the care of the waves, though Pedro looked at it in a manner that plainly showed his desire to have it kept for food.

On the ninth day the blacksmith became mad, and before any one could prevent him leaped into the sea and never arose.

The food that was still left would now be divided amongst five, giving a larger quantity to each than would otherwise have fallen to them.

"Look here," said Jed Martingale to Pedro, who was devouring a bit of meat, his last, with the utmost voracity, "this is the last of the grub. I am going to divide it, and after that you won't get any more, so you'd better make it last."

There were about two pounds of salt beef and four of hard-tack for each man, with nearly three gallons of water apiece, everything being apportioned exactly among the five.

Pedro was satisfied that the division was fair, and when he had received his portion of meat and bread, he put it into his shirt bosom, and taking a huge swallow of water, lit one of his few remaining cigarettes, and lying at full length on a thwart, puffed away incessantly.

The current was bearing them steadily south, and on the thirteenth day they began to meet with masses of drifting ice; some of the floes being quite extensive.

At this time Pedro had exhausted all his tobacco, all his meat, and all his bread, having about a gallon of water left, and as his supplies decreased the expression of hate in his face deepened, and it was easy to see that he would eventually prove a desperate customer to deal with.

Harry and Syd were more careful with their allowance, and had sufficient to last them for some days longer, as had the two sailors, though not as much as the boys.

"Harry," said Jed, on the fifteenth day, the cold having increased, and there being more ice floating about, "we four must stand by each other. That madman has used up everything he had. What are we going to do?"

"He will have to endure like the rest of us."

"He'll try to kill one of us if we don't give him food or water."

"Our lives are as precious to us as his," retorted Syd. "I'll give Harry whatever I've got if he needs it, but this demon may starve for all the food he'll get from me."

"Well, I've got some 'bacco," answered Jed, "and he can have that. I'm out of matches, so he'll have to chew it."

He tossed a half plug of tobacco to the starved-looking Spaniard, who filled his mouth with it, and kept up his chewing all day, giving no word of thanks, but glaring sullenly at Harry as before.

In twenty days there was no food, no water, and a cruel fate stared the castaways in the face.

The air was cold, ice floated all about them, the sky was of a dull, leaden hue, the winds and waves still drove them to the south, and, worse than all, a storm was threatening, and what the end of it would be no one could tell.

CHAPTER V.

FAST IN THE ICE.

Twenty-five days in an open boat on the wide ocean!

This day the storm broke upon them and drove them into the ice.

The latter was packed and crowded into a compact mass which extended as far as the eye could reach.

Harry and his friends pulled the boat out of the water upon a ledge of ice; and then betook themselves to the shelter of a piled-up mass of the glittering substance where the wind could not reach them.

There was a hatchet in the boat, and they all had their knives, so that by the aid of these implements they soon succeeded in digging out a cave where they could lie down and be quite snug and cozy.

They had no food, but the ice was comparatively fresh, so they need not die of thirst as yet.

The boat was secured where there was no danger of its being broken up, and then the four comrades crawled into their ice hut, and composed themselves to sleep.

Pedro went off by himself, and, cutting a hollow place in the lee of an ice ledge, wrapped himself up as best he could, and spent most of the day and all night in a troubled sleep.

The ice pack was disturbed occasionally by internal convulsions, which assured the castaways that it was drifting, but as it did not break up, these movements did not cause them any great alarm.

The next day Harry took a harpoon from the boat and wandered off over the ice in a hopeless search of food, scarcely daring to think that he would find any.

However, after wandering some distance, he came upon a couple of half-famished bears that had been set adrift on the ice by some means, and these he vigorously attacked, for hunger had made him desperate.

Poising his harpoon, he drove it straight into the heart of the foremost bear, who rolled over upon the ice dead.

The other retreated to a hole in the tumbled-up mass of ice and stood at bay, but Harry did not care to pursue him, and immediately began to occupy himself with skinning and cutting off some of the meat of his victim.

He clapped a huge piece of the bear flesh into his mouth, and then, throwing the skin over his shoulder, he put a full quarter of the carcass on his back and hurried back to where he had left his friends.

They were all overjoyed at his success, and it was decided to make a fire at once and roast the meat, as it then would be more palatable.

They broke up two or three boxes, a keg or so, and two of the oars; but the trouble was, after finding the wood, how to light it, for no one had any matches.

At that moment, however, the sun appeared, not very brilliant, to be sure, but enough so for their purpose.

"Necessity is the grandmother of invention, and I've seen this thing done before," cried Jed.

Then breaking off a piece of comparatively clear ice, he rubbed it smoothly on his coat-sleeve, and placing it near the wood pile, held it at an angle so as to catch the sun's rays.

"By George! that'll make a regular burning glass," cried Syd, delightedly.

"Who'd suppose you could set fire to wood with a piece of ice," muttered Jim, as Jed, having focussed the rays, the wood began to smoke and then to glow, and finally burst into flame.

By means of this simple process a roaring fire was soon blazing on the ice, and over it the castaways suspended huge junks of meat, which, though blackened with smoke, singed, and raw in parts and cooked in others, nevertheless furnished them with a meal such as they had not eaten in weeks.

The meat was fresh, and although there was no bread to go with it, there was no danger of getting scurvy, howbeit a dish of fresh vegetables would not have been unwelcome.

The fire was made close to the entrance of the cavern, and warmed it considerably, the skin of the bear making a good couch for the castaways to lie on.

After making a hearty meal, which disposed them all for sleep, the four friends took a long rest, and in the afternoon set out together to secure the rest of the carcass.

It was gone, however, Pedro having taken it to his hovel, as they presently discovered, for on passing the place they saw him inside munching away with the voracity of a wild beast.

"Well, I suppose he wants something to eat," said Syd, "but he might have asked for it, and besides, there was the other bear—why didn't he kill that as you did the first one?"

"'Cause he hadn't got spunk enough," retorted Jed. "He'd kill one of us if he could catch us asleep, but he wouldn't face a live, savage bear for no money."

Soon after this they suddenly came upon the second bear and two cubs, and with loud shots our friends attacked the animals fiercely.

The old bear fought desperately, but four to one was too great odds, and she was soon dispatched, the cubs falling easy victims to the knives of the hunters.

That night they slept between bearskins, and had a rousing fire to keep them warm besides, their house of ice being

protected from the wind so that they were nearly as comfortable as they would have been on board the Dolphin.

The days were short, although it was the month of June, and the cold seemed to be increasing, but when it is known that the seasons in the southern polar regions are just the reverse of those in the northern, this will not be wondered at.

During the night, as they were all sound asleep, a crouching figure approached the cave, and then suddenly rising in front of the fire, began to kick the embers in all directions, stamping upon the brands so as to extinguish them.

It was the tigerish Pedro, who did this to show his rage and spite against his former comrades.

They had left the skins and flesh of the two bear cubs where he could get them, and he had already appropriated them; but not satisfied with this mark of kindness, he wished to deprive the others of all their comforts.

The noise he made and the bitter curses he uttered awakened Harry, and the latter ran outside to see what it all meant.

With a cry of rage the man turned upon him and would have stabbed him, but that Harry, suspecting his intentions, was too quick for him. Throwing out his foot, he tripped up the villain and sent him sprawling upon the ice.

"You miserable ingrate!" cried the young man. "It would serve you just right if we had thrown you out of the boat when you first came among us."

Jed Martingale now appeared, having been awakened by the noise, and scrambling to his feet, Pedro made off, uttering the bitterest imprecations on the heads of his enemies, as he considered them.

The fire was dead out, every spark having been extinguished, and there was nothing to do but gather up the charred and blackened remains and carry them inside.

"If that isn't a fiend there never was one," muttered Jed. "He won't trouble us again to-night, but the next time we have a fire some one had better stay on guard. You can go to sleep with no fear, for he won't dare to come inside and trouble us. It's only when there's no danger that he'll vent his spite."

They all slept securely during the balance of the night, and in the morning breakfasted on cold roasted bear meat and water, which had been procured by melting ice the night before, and which had not frozen.

That day the sun did not appear, nor did it for two more days, so that there was no chance to light a fire, and our friends were obliged to keep warm as best they might.

Pedro's selfishness reacted upon himself, for had the others had a fire there is not the slightest doubt but that they would have allowed him to warm himself at it, though they would not have permitted him to enter their house. In doing them an injury, therefore, he had done himself one as well, and his dog-in-the-manger spirit had done him more harm than good.

The boat was carried into the hut, where it would be out of harm's way, for the man was as likely as not to destroy that if he got a chance, and upon this boat depended their safety when the ice should come to break up.

Fortunately a sufficient quantity of the bear's flesh had been cooked to last them several days, and they were not, therefore, obliged to eat it raw, and as their necessities increased they were met with by various expedients.

The cave was hollowed out to a considerable depth, a winding passage being made, so that at the extreme end of it there was no wind to be felt, and tolerable warmth prevailed.

On the second day after the putting out of the fire a heavy snow-storm set in, which lasted an entire day, the top of the cave being covered with snow to a considerable depth, thereby increasing the warmth within.

They built up a porch of snow around the entrance, packing their novel building material firm and hard and forming it into blocks, and thus sheltered additionally from cold and wind, they spent another two days very comfortably.

Then the sun appeared again, and they noticed that its stay was growing shorter every day, so that after a little they would not see it at all.

Jed made a fire, more for the purpose of cooking the rest of the bear's flesh than for the heat it afforded, though this was of course most welcome.

They allowed it to burn during the night, and once when Harry was on watch he saw from his snug quarters just inside the cave the envious Spaniard approach and throw a chunk of meat upon the coals to cook.

Then he squatted almost in the fire and warmed his hands, now and then tearing off a portion of the sputtering meat and devouring it with the greatest avidity.

As he did not offer to put the fire out, Harry did not disturb him, but allowed him to use it, only too glad to see that the wretch had at last come somewhat to his senses.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CASTAWAYS COME TO LAND.

So the castaways lived on, taking the best comfort they could, and guarding always against surprises, taking no thought for the morrow, but contenting themselves with the blessings which each day in its turn provided.

On the tenth day from their being stranded on the floe their stock of bear's meat gave out, and no one knew where the next supply would come from.

The bear-skins were cleaned of every particle of flesh and fat, and this made into a paste furnished a meal for the time, but where the next was to come from no one knew.

Two days afterwards, at about noon, there came a sudden shock, as if the ice was about to break up, and they all ran out of the hut in great alarm.

Part of the roof did fall in, but, fortunately, the boat was not damaged, nor was any one injured in the least.

They could see the ice surging and tossing in every direction, and here and there the water broke through, and rushed in floods over the heaps and mounds of ice in the most alarming fashion.

Fearing that a general break-up was about to occur, Harry cried to his friends to save the boat at all hazards.

They dragged it out of the cave, despite its weight, and had just got it upon the smooth ice outside when there came another shock, and the hut was laid in ruins.

Suddenly a high peak of ice some distance in front of them was seen to shake, and then to fall with a loud, rumbling sound like thunder.

"Look here!" cried Syd, extending his hand.

They all looked and saw what had before been hidden from sight by the now fallen ice-peak.

There, directly in front of them, at the distance of a few hundred yards, was a mass of high, black, jagged rocks or cliffs, at the base of which they could now see the waves dashing furiously.

"Land!" cried Harry, joyously. "We have reached land at last! Thank Heaven for that!"

The ice-floe had indeed been carried to land, but whether an island or a continent they could not tell.

"It is land at all events," murmured Harry, "and we must find both plants and animals, for we cannot be beyond the limit of animal life as yet."

"Let us get ashore as soon as possible, for we don't know how soon this ice may break up," said Syd.

"At any rate," put in Jed, "we don't want to be carried to sea again on it."

The disturbances on the ice-floe had ceased, and Harry had no doubt that it had stranded, for the rocks remained immovable, which they would not have seemed to do if the ice had been afloat.

Dragging the boat over the ice as best they might, they came, after an hour's hard work, to a point where they could launch it with safety.

All their needed supplies were in it, and so when it had been successfully launched they got in, Harry pushing off and jumping in last of all, and they took their oars, while Harry looked about for a convenient place to land.

Not far away they saw a point where the ice joined on to the rocks, but as they saw at once that it would not have been practicable to have got the boat ashore at that place, they did not regret having taken to water.

After skirting the shore for about a half mile they saw a shingly beach, narrow but shelving, where they could land, doubtless without difficulty.

Rowing towards this beach, the boat soon grounded on the pebbles, and all hands got out and dragged it up out of the reach of the waves.

"Now to find something to eat, and a place to live."

"There's the first," said Jed, pointing down the beach, where they suddenly saw three or four seals at play in the water, and as many more quietly resting on the black rocks.

"Seals! There's good food as well as clothes to be got out of them fellows," muttered Jim. "It's a pity we haven't a gun."

"No, it ain't, for then you'd make a noise and scare 'em all away. Just go quietly among 'em and they won't say nothing, and you can kill 'em as easy as falling downstairs, but you just go to making a clatter and scaring them, and they won't come out of their hidin'-places for a month."

Under Jed's direction they all advanced toward the seals, not in a body, but from different points, each having one particular animal in view.

The peaceful animals watched the approach of the strange creatures without the slightest show of uneasiness, and presently Jed lay right down alongside one of them upon the rocks without causing it the least alarm.

Watching his opportunity, the man suddenly plunged his keen knife to the hilt in the creature's vitals, and in another instant it was stretched out lifeless before him.

Harry found another in a sort of nook in the rocks, and instantly transfixed it with his harpoon, while Syd buried the hatchet in the brain of a third, Jim cutting the throat of his animal shortly afterwards.

The others had not taken fright as yet, but they were in the water and could not be approached easily.

Waiting until they had swum off to some little distance, our friends dragged the bodies back to the boat and began the operation of skinning and cutting up the flesh.

Jim found a quantity of drift wood which had been brought here doubtless by the ocean currents, as only the most stunted kind of trees grew on these shores, and, with what bits of wood they had remaining, a fire was quickly started and several fat, juicy seal steaks laid upon the hot coals.

After this most welcome repast, leaving Jim to guard their treasures, the others set off to find a cave or some other kind of habitation where they could live during the winter, which would soon set in.

Skirting the shore for a short distance, they ascended a sloping bank, and presently arrived at an elevation whence they could survey their new possessions.

There were plenty of rocks, but there was soil also, for they could see several stunted trees in the distance, and here and there a bare brownish spot where a kind of short grass grew, though it was now withered.

The snow had not fallen very plentifully as yet, though they could see occasional patches of it, glittering in the rays of the declining sun.

In the many ledges of rock which they saw they could not find any openings sufficiently large to form dwellings, and as wood was scarce they could not hope to get enough of that now valuable material to build one.

Night was rapidly coming on, and as the twilight would not last long it was considered best to return to the boat before dark lest they should be lost.

They had cut down all the wood they came across, and each had quite a respectable bundle secured by his leather belt and resting upon his shoulders when he returned.

The boat was turned upon its side, with the keel to the wind, and, propped up by bowlders, made a very respectable shelter.

A bank of rough pebbles and coarse sand was made at the back a foot or more in height, so that the wind could not sweep under, and then the sealskins were laid on the ground, the hairy side up, for a bed.

A large fire was started from the embers of the other which Jim had not allowed to die entirely, and then supper was cooked and eaten with the greatest relish.

Jim had not been idle during the afternoon, and although he had not wandered far away, he had discovered a spring of clear, fresh water among the rocks, which had escaped the notice of his comrades.

Taking the one boat bucket which had not been destroyed, for prudential reasons, he filled their one remaining barrel with the precious fluid, and this was now rolled up near the fire and buried in the sand to prevent its contents from freezing.

"Where are we, anyhow?" asked Syd, as they sat talking after supper had been dispatched.

"On some Antarctic island or continent, I suppose," returned Harry, "but as we have no means of taking an observation we must remain in ignorance. We are in comparative safety, and that is all we need care for at present."

They remained talking together for some time, and then, as one after another began to feel sleepy, they agreed to turn in for the night.

Harry took one of the bear-skins and wrapped himself up in it, taking a position near the fire, and yet out of the wind, while his three comrades lay close up under the boat, snuggling up to one another and covering themselves with the remaining skin.

Harry had been on watch for an hour or more, and was beginning to nod, almost unconsciously, when he heard a footfall on the loose shingle not far away.

He was wide awake in an instant, and glancing out towards the water saw the figure of a man now thrown into relief by the light of the fire.

This figure approached to within a dozen feet of where Harry sat, and then the man, whom our hero had no difficulty in recognizing as Pedro Varela, said with a sneer:

"Pretty comfortable here, ain't you? and I am freezing with the cold."

"It is not our fault if you are not as comfortable, my good man," returned Harry, half-kindly. "If you had not acted towards us as you have, you could share all our comforts."

"I have only acted in the defence of myself. My life was not safe among you all."

"You know that is false. You twice attempted my life when I was friendly toward you, and when I did not guess your wicked intentions. You have stolen our supplies, destroyed our fire, threatened my life more than once. Was this in self-defense? Say, rather, it was your evil nature which prompted you."

"I shall die of cold and hunger," whined the wretch. "I have, indeed, killed one seal, but I ate the flesh raw, and have no wood for a fire, no place to lie down and sleep. You all turn against me as if you wanted my life."

"We but protect our own. We cannot trust you. Lie down there on the other side of the fire, if you will. It is out of the wind. Don't come any nearer to me, for you can't be depended upon."

"Have you no meat to give me? I am hungry. I cannot eat raw flesh."

"What have you done with your own seal? You could not have eaten it all."

"Some foxes came while I was away and stole it from me."

"Foxes, eh? Then we will have their skins for our jackets. The meat is all covered up and put away. You will have to wait until morning."

Indeed, the treacherous scoundrel was not at all hungry, though the foxes had, indeed, stolen his meat, but, in telling his deplorable story, he hoped that Harry would leave his position.

In that event he determined to spring upon the latter, when his back was turned, rob, and, if necessary, kill him also, and then retreat to a hole in the rocks, which he had found, where, although he had no fire, he was tolerably comfortable.

Harry was convinced from the fellow's manner that he was lying, wholly or in part; and he, therefore, had no sympathy for him whatever, and, though he had no objection to his sitting by the fire, he was not going to put himself to any risk in serving him.

Pedro begged and pleaded for some little time, but upon Harry's calling sharply to Jed to wake up, he desisted, and sat by the fire in silence for another two hours, when, being sufficiently warmed, or despairing of getting the advantage of the young man, he arose of his own accord and went away in the darkness, leaving Harry to his reflections.

CHAPTER VII.

THE WALRUS HUNT.

On the following day it was snowing hard and Harry said to Syd:

"Let's go off on a foraging trip."

"Where to?"

"Off to the north."

"In quest of game?"

"Yes."

"Our food supply is short."

"That's what worries me."

"What do you expect to get?"

"Probably a seal or some birds."

"Don't tell the rest where we are going."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Because I distrust the Spaniard."

"I don't fear him."

"Nor do I. But he is treacherous."

"Yes, I know."

The boys were soon ready and set out through the falling flakes.

They tramped mile after mile, but did not see any sign of life.

All was a bleak, resolate waste. Snow covered everything.

Finally Harry paused in a place covered with hummocks.

"I'm tired," he announced.

"Think you can find your way back?"

"Easily, by following the shore."

"Very well. I don't wish to get lost."

"No danger of that."

Just then they heard a wild roar.

It sounded much like the voice of a lion, and came from behind one of the many rocks scattered along the shore.

"Hark!" gasped Syd. "What's that?"

"A sea lion."

"You've heard them before?"

"Often."

"Where is it?"

"Probably around the rocks."

"Let's see."

"Don't be rash, Syd."

"How?"

"Those beasts are dangerous."

"So I suppose."

"You might rush into its tusks, and then——"

"I understand," laughed Syd. "You take the lead. You are more familiar with them than I am."

The boys made their way around the rocks and there came upon the shore of an inlet.

On the shore laid a huge seal-like object, with its head in the air, while roar after roar escaped it.

The beast was a walrus.

"Gee, what a monster!" gasped Syd. "There's enough meat in its carcass to last us for months."

"Yes, but we haven't got him yet."

The walrus was glaring at the boys, the long hairs on its face bristling. Suddenly its flippers began to move, and it came toward them rapidly.

"Look out!" cried Harry. "It can travel faster than you imagine."

He rushed off to one side.

Syd attempted to follow him, but slipped on the ice and fell heavily.

He bumped his head so hard that he was dazed, and fell prone.

Harry did not know what happened to him until a few minutes later.

Then he glanced around.

To his horror he saw his friend on the ground and the walrus right over him with a flipper on his breast.

"Great Scott!" he gasped.

That Syd's doom was sealed seemed certain, for the monster was rearing up its ponderous head as if it were about to drive its long white tusks through the prostrate boy's body.

"He's a goner!" muttered Harry in despair as the walrus roared again.

Poor Syd recovered his wits.

He realized his danger.

"Help! Help!" he yelled.

He turned an appealing glance upon his friend as he cried out.

Another roar escaped the walrus.

Close by long icicles hung from the rocks. They were

two yards in length and as big around as the calf of Harry's leg.

An idea flashed into his mind.

Tearing one off, he aimed the point at the head of the walrus, and putting the butt at his breast, he rushed towards the creature.

The boy was going full speed.

Crash!

The point of the icicle struck against one of the eyes of the walrus.

It pierced the orb.

An awful roar escaped it and a terrible shock was felt by Harry from the impact.

The great icicle was shivered to fragments and fell to the ground.

"Harry! Save me!" groaned Syd.

"Get up!" screamed the harpooner.

"I can't. Its flipper holds me down."

"I'll try again."

The boy secured another icicle.

Meantime the walrus was roaring with pain and rage.

It seemed to attribute its trouble to Syd, for it aimed a vicious blow at him with its tusks.

Down came the two sharp points, but just then the boy managed to throw his head and shoulders to one side.

Zug! went the tusks.

They just missed him.

Deep into the ice they were buried.

For an instant it seemed as if the mighty brute could not withdraw them, but it was very powerful, and with a tremendous jerk it drew them out.

The ice was torn and went flying in all directions.

In order to get leverage the walrus had to remove its flipper from Syd.

He rolled aside.

Then he bounded to his feet.

"This way!" cried Harry.

His friend dashed toward him all out of breath and sweating from his exertions. He gasped:

"Let's get away from here."

"No! I mean to master that brute."

"You can never do it."

"Nonsense! He's half blinded now. We must attack him on the blind side."

"You say we. I won't."

"Got cold feet?"

"I confess I'm afraid of it."

"Well, the creature certainly did enough to you to inspire some alarm. But you are not likely to slip and fall right in front of it again."

Syd's courage began to return.

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"Get an icicle."

"There's a piece of joist lying on the shore that must have drifted in with the tide. I'll get it."

"You couldn't have a better weapon. One good crack on the head from that club will finish this beast, big as he is."

Syd got the club.

But he was careful not to get in front of the walrus, which was now striving to turn around.

Rushing up behind it, Syd let drive and the blow stunned the monster.

"Good boy!" cried Harry. "Another!"

A roar escaped the big animal and it swung its head sidewise, and its tusks whizzed past Syd so closely that he shivered.

With a muttered exclamation he dropped his club and recoiled.

"Thunder!" he gasped.

"Save your weapon!" cried Harry.

"I don't dare."

"All right; I'll get it."

Harry rushed forward, seized the club and saw the walrus aiming a stab at him.

But the boy was as quick as lightning.

He dealt the beast a terrific blow, and it sank down.

A convulsive shiver ran through its great frame and it was dead.

"Hurrah!" cried Syd. "It's a goner."

Harry examined the beast, and to his satisfaction saw that it was completely knocked out.

"Now to get some of its meat!" he laughed. "We can carry as much as possible, and send back the others for the rest."

They got a large piece each and trudged back to camp.

The rest of the meat was finally brought back to camp, and that relieved their minds for a while on the food question.

CHAPTER VIII.

A DAY IN RICH DISCOVERIES.

Some days later after our friends had breakfasted they planned to set off and still further explore their new domains in search of a suitable place of habitation.

Leaving Jed at home this time, they started out towards the west, thinking that possibly they might come upon another shore in that direction.

They had not proceeded far when they saw fox tracks in

the snow, and this confirmed Pedro's story of the night before.

Some of these tracks led into deep but narrow holes among the rocks, which doubtless served as dens for these marauding quadrupeds.

"I wouldn't mind having a fox-skin jacket," cried Jim, "and as we can't shoot the scamps or walk up to 'em like we can to the seals, the next thing to do is to trap 'em!"

"How are you going to do that?"

"I'll show you"; and Jim took a piece of meat from his bundle, which he had intended for his lunch in case they were gone for some time.

With his knife he cut off a piece the size of his hand, and then cutting a strip of leather a quarter of an inch wide from his belt, he twisted the latter into a stout thong, which he fastened about the piece of meat.

The other end he placed under a heavy stone lying on its edge on the ledge just above the entrance to one of the dens, balancing it so that a stout tug upon the thong would bring the stone crashing down upon the animal that attempted to make a meal off the meat.

The latter was suspended midway between the top and bottom of the entrance to the den, and gave forth a most inviting odor.

Leaving this rude snare, the hunters proceeded on their way, and finding several more fox-dens with tracks leading in and out, they set similar snares in half a dozen places, and then continued their walk.

In the course of an hour and a half they suddenly came in sight of the coast again, and saw several high bluffs of black, igneous rock, against which they could hear the surf beating.

They found several caves in the rocky ledges as they walked down the slope towards the shore, but none were very large, or they were too much exposed, or would require more fitting up than the facilities of the castaways would allow.

Turning from these different probable abodes for the winter with regret, the castaways descended to the shore, where they found a few stunted trees, and beyond a stretch of pebbly beach.

Some strange object was lying on the shore, above the reach of the tides, which, upon approaching nearer, proved to be the skeleton of a man about forty years of age.

It had been clothed in a suit of blue cloth, now sadly torn and faded, and in one of the pockets was a tinder-box containing a flint and steel, and a small quantity of wood punk.

A gold-laced cap was found under the skeleton, which would seem to prove that the man whose remains they now saw had been a naval officer, but as to his name or country, there was nothing to show what they might have been.

A heavy gold seal-ring was upon one finger, and in the fob-pocket a large silver watch, of an ordinary English make, long since stopped, and very much worn and corroded.

"The tinder-box is useful, and the watch may aid in identifying this poor fellow, if ever we return to the civilized world."

So saying, Harry put the articles into his pocket for safe-keeping, while Syd turned the skeleton over to see if there was anything else by which the history or identity of this unfortunate being could be learned.

In an inside pocket of the coat was a memorandum-book, or wallet, of Russia leather, very much soiled and ragged, which contained a few utterly indecipherable papers, the writing being faded, and the paper crumbling to powder at the touch.

That the skeleton must have remained where they found it for many years was apparent, but, having discovered one, it was natural that they should look for more, as it was hardly probable that the man had come alone to these inhospitable shores.

"Let us go further along the shore," suggested Harry; "we may come upon other remains, make more important discoveries."

Leaving the skeleton lying upon the beach, they proceeded along shore, and upon rounding a point of rock, saw a ship's boat drawn upon the shore just beyond the upper edge of the beach and resting on the sandy soil, short grass growing near the keel and in other sheltered spots.

Upon coming up they found that, though in bad repair and stove in one or two places, it contained oars, a mast, and a ragged mildewed sail, two or three guns, several rusty tins of preserved meat, a keg of powder, a number of blankets, and several pairs of long leather boots, besides many smaller articles, now utterly worthless from long exposure.

On the stern, in black letters, was the legend, "No. 2," and that was all, this referring doubtless to the number of the boat, and was not the name of the ship to which it had belonged.

There were no other skeletons, or remains of any, to be found, and if the companions of the unfortunate man also perished in this desolate region, there was nothing as yet to show where they were, or what disposition had been made of their remains.

"This may be our fate also," murmured Syd, "for these poor fellows were better supplied than we, and yet they have perished miserably."

"The one unfortunate may have been abandoned," interposed Harry. "Let us not despair, although this is a

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ALL AROUND WEEKLY

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CHOICE READING MATTER.

The Castle of Wakayama has been found to be in a state of ruin due to the attacks of African white ants. The main supporting pillars have been entirely hollowed out by the insects. On examination it has been discovered that the barracks in Awaii and the Miyama fortresses in the Kii district are also being ruined by these harmful insects. The Military Department has despatched an expert to undertake the extermination of the pests. He says that should the authorities fail in exterminating the insects all the fortresses along the Kii and Awaji waters will be ruined, and should the insects once reach Kioto the temples and other ancient buildings would be lost in a few years.

In certain districts of Siam the girl who, at an uncertain age, has failed to find a husband, becomes a "daughter of the King." The King undertakes to look after these adopted daughters to the extent of providing each with a husband. The royal method is quite simple. Any prisoner in a Siamese penitentiary can secure a pardon and liberty by marrying one of his class. As might be expected, old maids are at a premium among long-term men. Whether or not they are already married makes no difference, as men of Siam are not restricted to a single wife. No provision is made for disapproval or disinclination on the part of the lady—the king has given his royal word that she shall have a husband, and that settles it.

Most of the cow bells, not to speak of bells for sheep and for grazing horses and mules, are manufactured in New England, and it is claimed that one little town in Connecticut furnishes by far the majority of cow bells made. The metal for the bells is received at the factory in large, flat sheets of thin iron direct from the rolling mill and is passed under a steam-driven cutter that turns out the properly shaped pieces like patterns for a double-bladed axe. Then a ring for a clapper is fastened into the center of each piece, and it is spanned with a little iron strap for a handle. Finally the piece is bent down into the familiar bell shape and its sides riveted together on the anvil. The next step in the manufacture is to impart tone and color to the bell. These are gained by a coating of brass and a bath in a fiery furnace. In nests of four or five the bells, ranging in size from the little three-inch sheep bells to the seven-inch cow bells, are placed, with a mixture of charcoal and brass filings between them, in plumbago crucibles, the lids whereof are held in place by a plastering of wet clay. These are then immersed in the fire. Within the crucibles the brass spreads itself in a thin coating over the imprisoned bells and the bell obtains its clear note. All that remains to be done is to burnish the bells, a process which consists in throwing them, with a few leather scraps, into a big revolving cylinder. Bells for the great cattle ranches of the West have been tuned in sets of an octave each, so that the bell bearers among the shifting herds might answer one another in musical chime. Ranchmen are authority for the statement that bells, echoing in tunes across the plains, deter wolves from attacking the herds.

RIB TICKLERS.

Mistress (engaging new servant)—What about your references? Servant—I've torn them up. Mistress—I shouldn't have done that. Servant—I think you would if you'd read them.

"I have just been reading Boswell's reminiscences of Dr. Johnson," said the bookish man. "What!" exclaimed the man who is not bookish. "Has some college given the colored pugilist a degree already."

"Where's your father?" asked the man on horseback. "Up the river fishin'," answered the boy. "Where's your big brother?" "Down the river fishin'." "What are you doing?" "Diggin' bait." "Hasn't your family anything to do but amuse itself?" "Mister, if you think we're doin' this for fun, you wait an' hear what maw says if we come home without any fish."

A young actor once bearded an editor in his sanctum in the hope of finding out what kind of articles he needed. "We want something entirely different from what you see in he other magazines," explained the editor. "Then my stories must be just what you need," replied the young author, his face brightening as he produced a fat bundle from his pocket. "None of the other magazines will print them."

An ironworker, having had the worst of an argument with a friend, decided to get even with him. Waiting, therefore, until his enemy had retired to rest one night, he approached his street door, and knocked loudly in order to wake him. Opening the bedroom window, the other hurriedly inquired what the noise was all about. "Why," replied the outside one, "one of your windows is wide open." "Which one?" "Why, the one you have your head through," chuckled the other, as he went away satisfied with the success of his plot.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the man in the suit of faded black, "but are you carrying all the life insurance you want?" "Yes, sir," answered the man at the desk, "I am." "Could I interest you in a morocco-bound edition of the works of William Makepiece Thackeray?" "You could not." "Don't you need a germproof filter at your house?" "I do not." "Would you invest in a good secondhand typewriter, if you could get it cheap?" "I have no use for a typewriter." "Just so. Would an offer to supply you with first-class imported Havana cigars, at $10 a hundred, appeal to you?" "Not a cent's worth." "How would a proposition to sell you a Century Dictionary, slightly shelf-worn, for only $40 strike you?" "It wouldn't come within forty miles of hitting me." "That being the case," said the caller, "would you be willing to buy a ten-cent box of shoe polish, just to get rid of me?" "Great Scott! Yes." "Thanks. Good-day."

MASTER MOLOCH

By Alexander Armstrong.

It was a singular name for a man to have, but he was singular himself and it fitted him like a glove.

He was called Master Moloch, and nothing else; nobody knew what his real name was, and the man never seemed to care that they should.

He appeared to be of dwarfish stature, but this was only on account of a habit of stooping which he had, and though actually strong, he seemed weak and decrepit, but, then, he drank a great deal, and that, no doubt, affected his nerves.

Master Moloch lived in a little dingy room at the top of a high building, in a narrow, dirty, unsavory street, occupied mostly by warehouses and stores, in the lower part of the city of New York, near the river, a locality once in great favor as a place of residence, but now abandoned to business purposes entirely.

That he collected rents from time to time was well known to those who had the misfortune to be his tenants, for if they were a day behind in their payments, out they went into the street, with all their household goods, but whether he was agent or owner, nobody knew.

He was particularly bitter to those unfortunates who fell into his clutches and when they were being turned out he would stand in the street and chatter and jibe at them like a madman.

The small boys in the street had a wholesome horror of Master Moloch, and always retreated when he hove in sight, knowing from experience how that stick of his felt on their shins and backs, and how well Master Moloch enjoyed beating them with it.

There was a mystery connected with Mowbray Lane, the narrow street where Moloch lived, and it was fast falling into evil repute.

Missing men had been seen there for the last time, bodies of other men, whom nobody knew, were found in the gray morning with their pockets turned out and marks of violence on their persons, people were robbed there in the early evening, when a man could walk with safety upon other streets at the dead of night.

At last the murders became so frequent—four dead bodies being found on the cold stones of a morning in the course of a single week, and six in the next, with no clew to the murderers—that at last people began to be alarmed, and shunned Mowbray Lane as they would the plague.

One day a man living in one of the houses where Master Moloch made his collections was behind in his rent, and the fiendish old miser ordered him to be turned out, with his young wife and three small children, into the street.

It was raining at the time, and the street was already running with water, the gutters being like rivers which poured down the large sewer opening near Moloch's house with a roar and a rush.

"You're a hard-hearted brute, Moloch," cried the man, as the deputies began tumbling his effects out into the wet. "May the curse of the unfortunate light on you and strike you dead!"

There was a vivid flash of lightning at this, and a loud peal of thunder, the superstitious feeling for an instant as if the curse invoked was about to fall.

Moloch himself turned pale, as much as he could through the thick dirt on his face, and striking his stick against the iron railings, shivered it to pieces.

"Ugh! you snake, you lizard, you bat, you sneaking, foul-mouthed rat you! Turn him out, turn him out, turn him out!" growing more and more excited every minute. "Pile his things out into the street! Put his puling wife and squalling brats out into the gutter! If he says anything, smash his ugly face in, and cram him into the lock-up. Ugh! you sniveling pig! I hate ye, I hate ye, I hate ye!"

While the irate agent or owner, no one knew which, was thus raving and venting his spite, a gentleman who had an office in the same building came down and said to the deputies:

"Stay your hands awhile. Are you men or brutes to hurt this poor weak woman, and turn poor little children out into the street at such a time?"

"Master's orders," growled one. "No rent, no rooms. That's the rule. If they don't pay up in season, out they go."

"But you would surely wait a day or so, or at least until this pitiless storm ceases."

"H'm! What is it to you?" growled Moloch. "Wait, indeed! It might rain for a month. Time is money to me. You ain't over ready with your own money. You miserable, honest attorney! You high-principled beggar! Ha! don't talk to me or I'll give you notice to quit!"

"What is the amount due from these people?" asked Harvey Braisted, the gentleman in question, who was a young lawyer of high principles, though as yet he had but a moderate practice.

"Ten dollars," gasped Moloch, trying to escape from the strong grasp of the indignant young lawyer, "and fifty-seven cents."

"Make me out a receipt," said Braisted, sternly, releasing the man, and taking some money from his pocket.

He counted out the exact sum and, handing it to Moloch when he had got his receipt, said:

"Now put those things back, just as you found them, or I'll pitch you into the sewer. You've got to be taught civility and common decency, no matter at what cost."

Moloch was fairly mad with impotent rage, but he could do nothing, and he ordered his deputies to take back the household goods of the ejected tenant, venting his spleen and spite upon them, in the absence of any other object.

When all had been restored, Braisted went inside, where he received the tearful thanks of the young wife, while Moloch limped away, muttering to himself:

"The pig, the mangy hound, the dirty pup! I'll settle him for this. I'll fix the smooth-faced brat. I'll teach him to handle me roughly. Ho—ho! Harvey Braisted, Esquire, look to yourself, and see that it is not you that are found in the sewer some cloudy morning. Ugh, the low-lived sneak! I could kill him!"

It rained all that day unceasingly, and when night came the torrents still poured down as though the heavens were opened.

The cellars of the houses were flooded, the water in the river rising and flowing over the docks and into the streets and alleys.

The eaves-troughs were running over, and from the roofs a constant stream poured down, while the rain still fell incessantly and flooded everything.

The sidewalks were covered with water a foot deep, and in the roadway of Mowbray Lane it was knee-deep, the sewer being insufficient to carry off the surplus.

The night was dark and cold, the air filled with noxious vapors from the sewers, and dampness and disease seemed to permeate everything.

Within, it required the most cheerful of fires to dispel the gloom and dampness, for the pitiless rain poured down chimneys, dashed in through the crevices of the window-sashes,

and oozed through the roofs, the walls being damp and clammy to the touch, and the outer passages dark and chill.

And in the midst of all this, when the rain beat the fiercest and the night was blackest, Master Moloch was abroad, winding his way along the deserted alley, wet to the skin and shivering with cold, but muttering to himself as he gnashed those two shining fangs:

"Ha, ha! it's a wild night, Moloch, a beast of a night, but just the kind for your work. Ha! just the kind for a deed of blood. Ha! I hate that soft-voiced devil! He'd better not come out this night, or he'll be among the missing in the morning."

A step sounded upon the stone steps of a house not far away, and then came a splash and an exclamation of vexation.

Concealing himself in a doorway, Moloch awaited the coming of the person who had thus braved the darkness and the tempest.

It was the man whose rent Braisted had paid.

His wife had caught cold from being exposed to the cold and wet that morning, and he was going for medicine to relieve her distress.

A sudden flash of lightning revealed his face and form distinctly, and Moloch drew himself closer into the archway.

The man came on, wading through the noisome waters, until presently he came opposite the place where Moloch cowered, holding his very breath for fear he would be detected.

The man suddenly heard a noise and turned his head, but that movement was his last.

There is a rush, he feels a stunning blow, his brain seems paralyzed, and with a low moan he sinks to the ground, and the waters roll over him.

"Ha—ha! that fixed him," muttered Moloch, dragging the body away towards the mouth of the sewer. "I knew he'd be missed some night!"

The man is heavy, but Moloch does not seem to mind this, for he drags him away with the greatest ease, finding his way despite the darkness.

"Ha—he! there isn't much to be made out of him!" he mutters. "His money won't go into my strong box; his valuables won't help to make me rich! I've got my revenge though. Ha—ha, I've got my revenge!"

He reaches the entrance of the sewer, and removing one of the iron bars placed across it, shoves the dead body in, the flood of dirty water carrying it down in an instant.

Then the murderer replaces the bar, and grunts to himself:

"Ha, ha! that's one more, Moloch. Have you kept the count? There's no money in this one, but he's well out of the way. Ugh! the crawling, groveling serpent, the nasty, poisoned frog! Ugh! I'm glad he's dead!"

The blood-stained villain made his way through the lane, and at the entrance met a man whose appearance bespoke a person of wealth and influence.

He was well wrapped up to protect him from the weather, and, as the corner of his cloak blew back, Moloch saw by the gleam of a sudden lightning flash, a well-filled leathern bag, fastened to a strap slung over his shoulder.

The man seemed surprised to find any one abroad at this late hour, and in such a storm, but he said pleasantly:

"Good-evening, sir. A bad night, is it not?"

"Ye just said it was a good evening. What d'ye want to lie for? It's a beast of an evening. It's as dark as the gates of the devil's palace."

"Can you tell me where Mowbray Lane is?" asked the stranger pleasantly.

"I've just come out of it. Wretched place it is, too. Nobody but tinners and murders and honest lawyers and such trash live in it."

"Are you acquainted hereabouts?"

"Ugh! I wish I wasn't! I know no good of the place nor its tenants."

"Do you know where one Harvey Braisted, a young lawyer, lives?"

"Him! Yes, lives and has his office in No. 11, seventh house on the right. Up three flights. If he owes you any money you won't get it, for he's a beggar, a miser, a thief, a spiteful devil! Ugh! Much good may your visit do you!"

"On the contrary, I wish to pay him some money, a large sum, and I desire to find him as soon as possible, particularly if the place has the bad reputation you give it."

"You'll find him where I told you. Tell him for me that he's a pig."

The stranger turned down the dark, narrow alley, when suddenly he heard a splash behind him and quickly looked around.

"Take that, you hooting night-owl!" cried Moloch, striking the man on the head with a slung-shot, and dropping him in an instant.

The man uttered no sound and lay senseless on the pavement, the water rippling against his unconscious body, while Moloch, stooping over him, quickly rifled it of its valuables.

He was engaged in this fiendish work, when there came a flash of light from No. 11, and Harvey Braisted was seen standing upon the steps.

Moloch turned to flee, when Harvey was after him in a moment.

The murderer attempted to gain his own house, but was not quick enough for the young lawyer.

As he put his foot upon the step and grasped the iron railing, Harvey smashed his hat over his eyes, and grasping him by the collar, pulled him over backwards, Master Moloch sputtering and cursing like a demon all the while.

"You contemptible ghoul! So it is you who are the murderer! Very well, I will soon settle you."

Despite the man's struggles, he dragged him into the house and locked him up, and then attended to the stranger, who fortunately had not been killed, although it was some time before he fully recovered his reason.

Moloch was arrested, and his wretched apartments searched, when a large amount of valuables were found, which had been stolen from people who had been known to have been murdered, or whose bodies had never been found.

Not only that, but a list of the men missing and murdered was found among other things, and this furnished the most important clew of all.

Moloch never confessed openly that he had committed these crimes, but in his cell he would rave and talk of these things, and in that manner supplied the watchful officers with all the evidence they wanted.

Harvey Braisted's visitor proved to be a gentleman for whom he had once gained an important suit in another city, and that black leather valise contained a large amount of money and valuable papers.

Bristed had been upon the point of going in quest of a physician for the wife of the poor tenant, when he had witnessed Moloch's crime, and had prevented its completion.

The murderer never came to the gallows, beating his brains out one night again the stone walls of his cell; but nobody mourned him, and after that, Mowbray Lane was torn down, and a new street cut through, and now there remains no trace of the place where so many mysterious crimes had been committed, and there is but little more than a memory now of the wretched creature who did them, known then only by the appropriate title of Master Moloch.

(*Continued from page* 16.)

sad enough sight. Forward! There may be other surprises yet in store for us."

So there were, indeed, as they were soon to discover.

Leaving the boat, the three continued along the shore, the waves now rolling in gently, now dashing against obstacles and sending the spray high in the air.

Occasional patches of snow were met, and sometimes a large space covered with dry grass or diminutive shrubs, whose branches were shriveled and dead.

Beyond them was the high bluff which had been already observed, and when this was passed, a narrow stretch of shingle lying at its base, a strange sight met the eyes of the wanderers.

There, on its beam ends, a large hole stove in one side, lay the wreck of a once noble vessel.

Its keel was grounded between two immense rocks, which held it fast; its decks were broken away in many places, the mast had broken off short, fallen overboard, and evidently been carried away; a mass of tangled and twisted shrouds hung over the side, the bowsprit was broken off close inboard and its rudder was unshipped, and had most likely been washed away or dashed in pieces on the rocks.

"A ship!" cried Syd; "and all going to pieces. That accounts for the boat and the skeleton. Maybe we shall find more."

"Let us get on board," said Harry, laconically.

The hole in the side was quite large, and through it they could see the interior of the hold, the bottom of which was filled with water, in which many fishes disported themselves.

The after part of the vessel containing the cabins appeared to be in better condition, although the rudder was unshipped and there was a hole in the stern through which the water occasionally surged with a loud noise.

The vessel lay some thirty feet from the shore, but as it was low tide, it did not seem a difficult task to make one's way to it across the rocks, from one of which, the larger of the two which held the keel, it seemed an easy matter to reach the deck.

"The tide is out," said our hero, "suppose we go on board. We will most likely find something to interest us. Come ahead."

Taking the lead, Harry sprang from one slippery rock to another, leaping across intervening spaces of water, scrambling over high and jagged rocks until he at last reached the big bowlder, alongside of which lay the wreck.

His comrades followed him rapidly, and before long they all stood together on the rock, their hands against the vessel's side, their eyes peering into the hold through the great break.

"There's plenty of wood here to build a house, if we only had the means of getting it ashore," declared Jim Bolt, sententiously.

Harry drew himself to the deck, the others following instantly.

The deck inclined considerably toward the sea, and was partly covered with ice, which rendered it quite slippery, so much so that Harry went sliding across it very rapidly as soon as he landed on it.

He succeeded in seizing the hand-rail running along the house on deck, about waist-high, and by this means reached the gangway and descended to the cabin.

Here they found two or three state-rooms nicely fitted up, a steward's pantry and store-room, a smaller one for the captain, and several closets containing thick clothing, blankets and several pieces of sailcloth.

There was a library of miscellaneous books, many valuable nautical instruments, a carpenter's chest containing all necessary tools and implements, a couple of axes, an adze, and a cross-cut saw, several coils of rope, and other things which would prove of great value.

The pantries were stored with no end of tins of preserved meats, fruits and vegetables; there were a small keg of spirits, two or three large boxes of plug tobacco, a box of clay pipes, a dozen bottles of wine and a medicine chest.

In the steerage there were found a few suits of old clothes, none of them being of fur, two or three "ditty boxes" containing needles, threads, thimbles, scissors, and other things useful in mending clothes, besides several pairs of old boots and a dozen books.

In the galley there were a cooking stove in good order, pots, pans and kettles, tin plates and cups, knives and forks, two firkins of butter, and a supply of ordinary sailors' food, such as salt beef and pork, hard-tack, potatoes and onions, the supply of the two latter being worthless, however.

The forecastle was a wreck, and nothing of any value whatever was found there, the deck being broken away, and the timbers gradually falling to decay.

They looked into the hold, but the waters held sway there, and if there was anything in it, there was little doubt that it was now useless.

"This is a great find," remarked the young harpooner, when they had finished their tour of inspection. "We must get the most valuable articles on shore at once. We can build a house and stock it with everything we can want or need."

"Why not live in the cabin?" suggested Syd.

"We don't know how long the vessel will hold together, and we should not want it to break up some night and throw us all out of house and home."

"There's some rope here," was Jim's suggestion. "Let's

make a double line from here to shore, and sling the heavier things on to the bank."

"That's good," added Syd, "and we can also make a raft and carry the lighter things on it."

"You are all forgetting one very important item," remarked Harry, dryly. "We have a boat on the other shore. What's to hinder our bringing it around? Then we won't have to build a raft at all."

"I'll go after it now," said Jim, "and bring Jed back with me. We'll be here by night, and for once we can sleep in the cabin of the wreck."

"All right, and as you go, stop and look at your fox-traps."

It was now high noon, and when Jim had departed, Harry and Syd went into the cabin of the wreck and had their dinner, after which they set about making a sling by which to convey the various articles to land.

This worked most successfully, and before night they had landed quite a considerable lot of useful stuff, and had also constructed a light raft on which they could navigate among the rocks and transport small articles from the ship to shore.

Soon after sunset, and while the darkness was settling down, they heard a shout from the waterside, and rushing to the rail saw Jed and Jim pulling towards them in a boat, whereupon Harry gave a ringing cheer and bade them welcome to their new-found home.

CHAPTER IX.

SETTLED FOR THE WINTER.

That night our friends slept in the cabin of the wreck, and, though they could hear the water rushing through the hold beneath them, experienced no discomfort.

Jed built a fire in the galley stove, the wreck affording him all the firewood he wanted, and Jim served up a repast that was simply marvelous.

The cabin stove was also set to going, the pipe needing some cleaning out, and the dinner was served there, the tables being made level by propping them up on one side, and under the swinging lamps, every one of which was lighted, they sat, after the feast, reading and planning and talking until long past midnight.

They each had a whole bunk and plenty of blankets to themselves, and as the air seemed to be growing colder, the state of things was very pleasant.

Jim had found dead foxes with their skulls crushed in five of his traps, another had been sprung, but the wily creature had gotten away with the bait; and at another there was nothing but a pile of bones, the comrades of the unfortunate animal having evidently devoured him, and picked him to the bone.

The skins which Jim had brought back, leaving the bodies on the road, were those of the blue fox, were quite large and heavy, and would make excellent waistcoats for winter wear.

"We'll rig up some better traps," declared the successful hunter, "and then we'll get enough skins to make blankets and carpets of. We won't want the seals for food, no, but their fur coats will come in just as handy."

"It's lucky we've got sail-needles and palms and waxed ends," retorted Jed. "Blowed if I didn't think we'd have to sew our clothes up with gut, and use fish-bones for needles."

"Did you see Pedro?" asked Harry during the evening, addressing Jed.

"He came down to the shore as we pushed off and begged to come with us; wanted to know where we were going, and prayed us not to abandon him. We left the fire and all the wood, the two bear-skins and all the meat, and if he's knowing enough, he won't starve to death nor freeze to-night, though it seems to me it's getting kind o' cold. Shove in some more wood, you lazy Jim."

Jim shoved in all that there was, and then taking the ax and a lantern, brought in the boat, and went on deck for more.

He returned in about fifteen minutes loaded down, his face as red as fire, and puffing like a porpoise.

"You better believe it's getting cold," he ejaculated, throwing down his load. "I had to take a spell once or twice and go into the galley and get warm."

"Is it freezing?" asked Harry, in a quiet tone, which did not betray the anxiety he felt.

"Freezing? Why, I believe there's six inches of ice in the hold. Anyhow, it's froze over, 'cause you can't hear it swash no more."

"Do you think there is any danger, Jed?" asked Harry, turning to his comrade.

"Not if she only freezes here where she is, but if we was out in the pack ice and got nipped, then there would be trouble. The two rocks hold her up, and if the water in the hold freezes we'll be all the more solidly fixed. There ain't much tide here anyhow, I don't believe, and the ice will just form easy 'round us and pack in gradually. Bless you, it's nothing to be frozen up this way. We ain't in the pack and that's where we are lucky."

"Give me another cup of that hot coffee, Jim, that you left on our stove, and then for a smoke," cried Harry, dismissing the subject with an air of relief.

They had been planning that night as to where they would locate their house, how light it should be, how long it ought to take them to get it ready, and all that, little dreaming of how all their plans were to end.

Just before they went to bed Jim ventured out to bring in another supply of wood, this time taking the precaution to put on a pair of yarn mittens he found in a chest, and to tie a thick scarf about his head.

He came in panting and puffing as before, and declared that it was colder than ever, that the wind was most sharp and piercing, and that if the sea wasn't frozen up solid five miles out he was very much mistaken, and finally that if that confounded fool of a Spaniard was out this night he'd better go to sleep on top of the fire or he'd freeze solid.

It was nearly one o'clock in the morning when they made all fast, and filling up the stove wrapped themselves up in half a dozen blankets apiece and dropped off to sleep.

Two hours afterwards Harry suddenly awoke, and feeling cold, got up and filled the stove with wood, which threw out a grateful heat.

As he was returning to bed he heard a sudden cracking sound, and thought that he felt the decks quiver beneath him.

He was somewhat alarmed, but as the motions ceased almost as soon as noticed, he became reassured, and concluded that nothing serious was going to happen.

The cracking sound increased, and presently he fancied that he heard a thumping or pounding directly under his feet.

This also stopped, and all was still again save the sharp, cracking, grinding sound which was almost constant.

"Pshaw! it's only the new ice forming in the hold," he muttered. "The opening will prevent the ice from splitting the ship in two, and doubtless the grinding of the ice as it is formed is the sound I hear."

No one else seemed to have heard the sound, all being sound asleep, Jed and Jim keeping up a lively snoring duet, Jed's tones supplying the bass, and Jim's running the whole from a deep bass to a high treble, with all the intermediate tones thrown in.

So Harry tumbled into bed again, and never awoke until morning, and then not until Syd had called him two or three times.

"I say, old man," cried the latter, "come on deck and look around you. It's as cold as Greenland, and we're frozen in hard. The ice in the hold is a foot thick, and has filled up the opening in the side. The bay is full of pack ice, and you can walk ashore without any trouble."

"And the boat?"

"Was hauled up on the big rock last night, so that it's all right."

Harry dressed himself, and went on deck as speedily as he could, and, although Syd had paved the way, he was not entirely prepared for all that he saw.

The ship had resumed its level position, and was firmly held in its place by the ice which filled all the lower part of the hold, and lay piled about the sides almost on a level with the deck.

For some distance out the water was frozen over, and it was only in the open sea, some miles off, that the water was still free.

The weather was intensely cold, the wind being most penetrating, and the cabin was decidedly the best place for one to remain in.

It was now the last of June, and the winter might be said to have set in for good, and although it would not always be as cold as at that moment, there would be no breaking up of the ice, and they might look for steady cold weather for the next three or four months.

It was clearly not a day for out-door work, insufficiently clad as our friends were, and they, therefore, spent the next forty-eight hours under cover, only venturing out to lay in fresh supplies of wood, the cooking being done in the cabin.

During this time the work of making winter clothing went on without interruption, and by the time the cold abated somewhat, all four had new fur suits, Jed having one of white bear-skin, Jim having a complete rig of blue fox, and Harry and Syd being dressed in seal-skin.

The suits comprised a pair of fur boots, trousers, undervest and coat, the latter being furnished with a hood, which could be drawn over the head, and a collar which buttoned up almost to the eyes.

When the cold moderated the snow began to fall, and for two whole days it never stopped, although at times it would be quite light and again very violent.

At last it ceased, the air being crisp and cold, but not so as to prevent our friends from going out and working.

The snow was cleared away from the cabin doors, and a porch three feet thick and six deep built over them which kept out the wind and helped to retain the heat inside.

The hold below was pretty well filled in with snow and ice, and the castaways built a solid wall of snow across the break in the side which kept out the wind, and in that way made it easier to warm the cabin.

A passage, six feet wide and roofed over, having but one opening on the side, was then made from the galley to the cabin porch, and as the galley itself was now encased in snow on the top and sides, it was very much warmer, and a deal more fit to remain in than formerly.

A path was hardened down in the snow, leading from the vessel to the shore, and then the hunting began once more.

There were sheltered spots on the shores, which had a southern exposure, and here the seals would often be found sunning themselves and taking life easy.

Our friends succeeded in killing a goodly number of them, and Jim invented a new fox-trap by which he took a dozen or two of the sly fellows before they retreated to their holes for the winter.

In their explorations to the south of their diminion the wanderers came upon several bears at different times, and as they were now armed with guns, they could shoot these animals and so avoid the risk of a hand-to-hand conflict.

After making extra coats, very long and comfortable, of the new skins, our friends lined the whole interior of the cabin with them, nailing the pelts firmly to the woodwork and put others in their bunks, so that now not a breath of cold air could get in through the cracks, and a good even temperature could be kept up day and night, the extra space in the galley being used to stow away the firewood of which the lower hold and timbers of the ship afforded a supply sufficient to last for some time.

The friends never saw a tree or bush, however, without cutting it down, and by this means saved much of the wood of the vessel.

Jed occasionally saw Pedro, and in kindness would frequently leave supplies of food, fuel and extra clothing when he could get them, although he did not care for the man's company.

The Spaniard had found a good-sized den, from which he had routed the foxes which owned it by smoking them out, and by digging it deeper and building an ice-hut in front had made himself fairly comfortable quarters, being supplied with clothes in abundance, wood enough to keep him warm, a hatchet with which to cut more, and means for killing seal, which he did until they were driven into their winter quarters under the ice.

Thus the time passed until the middle of July, when the winter set in with all its rigors, the cold being intense, the sun showing itself but an hour or two only during the day, and very often not at all on account of clouds and fog, snow-storms being the rule rather than the exception, the ice extending out to sea as far as the vision could reach, and the whole aspect of nature being cheerless and desolate in the extreme.

Aboard the ship, the name of which had never been ascertained, our friends spent a merry existence, reading, chatting, and living on the best things their larder afforded, taking a sharp run over the ice whenever the weather permitted, going hunting whenever there was anything to hunt, and enjoying life so well, in fact, that no one would have ever supposed that they were thousands of miles from home in a bleak, desolate and uninhabited land, without any hope of ever getting away, and with the prospect before them of living and dying here and of eventually being forgotten by all the world.

And Pedro, alone in his hut, often envied the happiness of his late comrades, though he never reflected that it was his own fault that he was not with them, holding resentment against them still, and waiting for an opportunity to avenge his fancied wrongs upon his innocent victim.

CHAPTER X.

THE PART OF A MOTIVE DISCOVERED.

"Did it ever strike you?" asked Harry one cold, blustering night in August, when the winter was at its worst, the seasons in that region being the reverse of our own, as I have before remarked, "that we are making no provision for the future?"

"We have all the provision we need for a long time to come," answered Syd, with a merry twinkle.

"It's enough to know that we are all right at present," put in Jed, philosophically. "What's the good of fretting, when we don't know and can't know what's going to happen?"

"We were going to build a house," interposed Jim, "and the cold weather set in and built us one without any trouble. We couldn't have made it better with all our trying."

"Agreed, but the cold weather will not last forever, and when the ice breaks up in January, and warmer weather sets in, our ship may go to pieces and leave us stranded on the shore, with nothing but a cave to live in, our supplies carried off by the waves, and nothing but seals and white bears to depend on."

"What can we do about it?" asked Jed. "We can't break our ship up now to make a smaller vessel out of, and the boat won't be sufficient. I don't see how we are going to help ourselves, old chap."

Then as Syd was about to say something, the old fellow added, more seriously:

"Tell you what it is, Harry, I've been thinking myself about this thing, and I'm just as anxious as you, but this ain't a matter where we can work ahead, but have got to take things as they come, and do according to our opportunities. Trust in the good Lord, my boy, and leave everything to him. I never knowed him to make a mistake yet, though we poor folks might think things didn't always go right."

"You are right, Jed, and I had no right to complain.

Our lot might be a great deal worse than it is. However, I could not help feeling anxious."

"No more can I, but what can we do? If we build a store-house on land and put things into it, against the time when we may want 'em, carry our boat there and put in things that we'll need, what will happen?

"That wrong-minded fellow ashore there, spite of all the good we've done him, will break into it when we're away some time, and burn, steal or destroy everything. We can't have a man there all the time, and we can't trust our neighbor. All we can do is to let things take their own course and trust to good luck."

The next day, as Harry was on land, gun in hand, looking for game but not expecting to find very much, he suddenly came upon Varela sitting at the door of his hovel, dressed in furs, and smoking a pipe.

The man glared at him fiercely, and then said, hoarsely:

"There you go, well fed, well dressed, living in good quarters, and me, a better man than you ever dared to be, living in a hole of the ground and eating what I can find; cold and hungry half the time. If it wasn't for you I'd never have been here in this desolate country. Curse you, I've a mind to kill you!"

"You'd better not try it," answered Harry, striking an attitude of defense. "Whose fault is it that you are wretched? I know that Jed has given you an abundance of everything more than once. If you could be trusted you might live with us, but nobody wants to live in daily fear of their lives."

"Ha! I'll find time to get even with you some time."

"Why should you wish to kill me? I do not know as I ever injured you in the least. What have I done to anger you?"

"I hate you, and kill you some day I shall; so be warned. But for you I would have remained on the ship."

"I had nothing to do with that."

"You lie, you did! Mr. Brown and that traitor Rufus knew that I had sworn to kill you, and they were bound to make me keep my oath. Ha! when I get home, when I meet that villain once more, I will kill him, too!"

"Why had you sworn to kill me?" asked Harry, suspecting that there was some deeper motive at the bottom of this affair than he had ever thought of.

"Why did I?" repeated the other, grinding his teeth. "Because I hated you, that's why; because it would make me rich to kill you, that's why again; because others hated you, and would pay me well to rid the world of you, and that's another why."

"Then you have no motive of your own? You are but a hired assassin! Bah! you are worse than the brutes who only act from instinct! Look, you; now that I know you for what you are, that you only wish to kill me for pay, and that it is no motive of your own that urges you on, I shall be prepared, and at the first sign of hostility will shoot you dead!"

"Ha! you dare to threaten?"

"I do, and to execute my threats as well."

Pedro laughed scornfully, puffed out a great cloud of smoke, and then continued in the same savage strain:

"Since I have been betrayed, I will also betray. It is the cowardly Rufus that has urged me to this; it is the mutineer, the brave Mr. Brown, who is also in the plot. Ha! I make him captain, and he turns upon me, drives me to this accursed land to starve, to be killed by my treacherous companions!"

Harry turned away in disgust, for it was rather too much to hear this scoundrel talk of treachery in that style.

"Hark you now, let them beware," pursued the man. "Some day I shall escape from this place and then I will meet them again, then I will remember everything, then I will repay upon their heads all the wrong they have done me. You, too, I hate, and mean to kill you."

"Bah! you're not worth talking to," cried Harry, turning away. "I thought I might have unconsciously wronged you, and was willing to make amends, but you haven't any motive for your hate but the sordid love of gain. You're no better than a paid butcher, a murderer for hire."

"Ha! you shall see if I have no motive. Your father, the captain, when he was alive, once struck me to the deck with an iron handspike. See you, the scar is there yet! The scar is in my heart, too, and only your blood can wipe it out!"

Pushing back his fur hood, and lifting the shaggy hair from his low forehead, the man exposed to sight a long, deep, white scar, running clear across his forehead, which looked as though the blow which had made it had nearly torn off his scalp.

"You have that scar?" cried Harry, amazed. "Then you are not Pedro Varela, you are Ignatz Camella, the mutineer."

"I am Ignatz Camella, a man that has been wronged, and who thirsts for vengeance."

"Bah! I know the story of the treacherous Spaniard who would have seized my father's ship, murdered him and his officers, and putting himself at the head, would have continued his former career of pirate.

"I have heard the story often, and know well how your plans failed through the coolness and courage of my father, and the valiant conduct of his officers, who loved him, and who were ready to stand by him.

"I have heard of the terrible combat that took place on the deck of the Pole Star, how my father struck you down with his own hand, and laid open your obstinate head, how many of your companions received the fate that you so

richly deserved, and were shot down in their tracks, how the mutiny was quelled, and how you were sent to a Spanish prison and recognized as the pirate Camella, and sentenced to be hanged for your crimes.

"Do not stop me," continued Harry, impetuously, for the other had made a motion as if to interrupt him. "My father subsequently learned, and told me the story, that you formed a plot with other prisoners to rise upon your jailers, murder the governor, set fire to the prison and escape, and that your diabolical plan succeeded.

"Then you disappeared, and later it was rumored that you were again a pirate, and that soon afterwards you were lost at sea in a furious gale.

"The evil one spared you, it seems, and now you wish to avenge upon me the just punishment meted out to you for your insubordination—for your many crimes.

"I know now the desperate character of the man I have to deal with, since you have declared yourself; and now let me tell you, Pedro Varela, Ignatz Camella, or whatever else you may be called, that I shall be prepared, and at the first intimation of evil intentions upon your part, I will kill you like a dog."

The man threw down his pipe in a rage, and, springing to his feet, drew his keen knife.

In an instant Harry threw his gun to his shoulder.

"Take care! I am not to be trifled with, I tell you."

Pedro retreated to the entrance of his hovel, and sticking his knife in his belt, said:

"I am indeed Ignatz Camella, and I hate you. Your father, he struck me down, and I might have died. I bear yet the scar of that wound. It will never be effaced. No more will the memory of that day be effaced from my heart. You are his son; I could not kill him, but I will kill you, and be avenged. Ha! if a look could kill you, I would have done it a hundred times since I met you."

Then he went inside, growling and grating his teeth like a wild beast, and Harry, shouldering his gun, struck off into the interior in quest of game.

"I would have befriended the man more than I have," he exclaimed, "had he not been so ungrateful. This, then, is a part of his secret, but what is the remainder? He spoke of a plot to kill me, of which he was the chosen instrument. What can it be? Ah, well, threatened men have long lives, and I shall not let this man's ravings disturb my sleep. I shall learn all in good time, beyond a doubt."

Some time later, Harry, having come within sight of the shore where they first landed, saw in front of him, just emerging from a crevice in the rocks, an enormous white bear, which had come out of his hole, contrary to the usual habit of such creatures in the winter season.

Looking to his weapons the boy advanced, keeping an eye on the beast and keeping his gun leveled for a shot.

The bear did not see him at first, nor until he had come within good range, but just as Harry was about to fire, the creature turned the corner of a huge block of ice.

The lad advanced, and both he and the bear caught sight of each other at once, the quadruped uttering a roar and rushing at his enemy full tilt.

Harry jumped back, when, turning his foot upon a lump of ice, he fell on his back, the weapon being discharged, the ball entering the animal's shoulder, wounding but not killing him.

This only enraged him the more, and stopping a moment to lick the blood, he rose upon his hind feet and sprang at his enemy open-mouthed.

Harry had leaped up as soon as possible, and seeing the beast so near, turned and fled, not caring to endure a hug from those monstrous paws.

The great brute was almost upon him when, suddenly leaping over a low mound of ice, he cleared it, and thought he had avoided his foe.

On the other side of that mound, however, was the opening of the den, and into this Harry slid, feet first, having forgotten about it and not seeing it beforehand.

Down he went way below the surface, so that when the bear arrived at the spot nothing was to be seen of the young fellow, who had landed in a circular chamber at the bottom, the only way up being through a slanting tunnel, the sides of which were as smooth as glass.

The bear seemed to appreciate the situation, for he squatted calmly down before the opening and waited patiently for his enemy to appear.

Harry's gun was lying upon the snow outside, so that was of no use, and he had no other weapon except his knife, and in this event the latter could do him no good.

He could not stay down there in that hot, foul-smelling place, nor could he leave it while the bear remained as guard at the top.

Suppose Bruin should take a notion to come down and try conclusions with him in the den?

That would be most awkward, certainly; but should the animal take it into his head to do so, Harry did not see how he was to prevent it.

By cutting notches for his hands and feet in the ice, the young man managed to raise himself up high enough to catch a good view of his savage foe, which, the instant it saw him, gave a roar and showed its terrible teeth, but did not stir from the spot.

"This is pleasant," thought our hero. "If I go any higher, his lordship will pull me out, and if I stay where I am, he will wait for me, or perhaps take a notion to come

down and eat me in his own house at his leisure. Night is coming on, too, and a storm with it. I never saw such luck."

CHAPTER XI.

CONCLUSION.

When night came, Harry had not returned to the ship, and no one knew what had become of him, as he had never remained away before.

"I'll bet something has happened to him!" said Jed. "By gosh, that Spaniard said he'd kill him, and I'm afraid he's done it."

"Let's go and look for him," cried Syd; "we can take lanterns with us and the guns."

When they came on deck they found that it was snowing violently, the air being saturated with the flying particles.

"We couldn't go ten steps without being lost," cried Jim, shielding his face with his arm. "It comes down not in flakes, but in regular drifts."

"Perhaps he's crawled in somewhere to wait," suggested Jed, "for now I remember that when I went out just before dark, to see if he was in sight, it was snowing a little, but nothing like this. Hang that lantern over the stern, and maybe he'll see it."

"Whew! how it does snow!" cried Syd, as a stronger gust than ever came sweeping about them, and made him seek the shelter of his cabin.

"It'd be madness to venture out in such a night," muttered Jed. "Poor fellow, I hope he's safe. Maybe he strayed too far away, and seeing the storm coming on, and knowing he couldn't get home, has crawled into some hole in the rocks, where he'll be all right till it stops."

There was clearly no hope of being able to find him that night, for it would have been the sheerest folly to have ventured out in the storm, which seemed to increase in violence every moment.

Even there on the deck, sheltered as they were, they were blinded by it, and how much more so would they be were they to venture out into the open country?

"We'll have to give it up," said Syd, regretfully, as he turned back into the passage leading to the cabin, having ventured out a second time to look at the weather. "Let us hope that the poor boy is safe, at all events."

It was not a very cheerful party that met around the cabin table that night, for they all sadly missed their bright-hearted comrade, and dreaded to think what dangers might have befallen him.

Not one of them went to bed, and nobody slept more than ten minutes at a time, for they were all thinking of the missing one, and asking themselves, would he never return.

Three or four times during the night some one went outside, but the storm was still raging, and gave no promise of abating.

In the morning, that is, at about eight o'clock, for it was yet dark, the storm had ceased, and a brilliant aurora illumined the whole sky.

Eating a hurried breakfast, the three comrades started out, and found but little difficulty in making their way over the snow, the keen air having already formed a hard crust on top, upon which it was an easy matter to walk, although it was rather slippery.

Had they worn ordinary leather boots they would have experienced considerable trouble, but being shod in sealskin their feet did not slip, and they advanced rapidly over the glittering surface.

There were no tracks to guide them, these having all been obliterated by the storm, and they would therefore be obliged to go at random and trust to luck.

Harry knew the way to the ship, however, and if he was safe they might meet him returning.

Jed concluded to go by the way of Pedro's hut, as he thought that perhaps the man might know where Harry was, or if he had killed him that he would brag about it, as he was almost certain to do.

When they reached the entrance to the cave they found it blocked up with snow, and looking as if no one had been in or out for some hours.

"Hallo, within there," cried Jed. "Come out and give an account of yourself."

There was no response, and Jed and Jim began clearing away the snow from about the doorway.

Keeping their rifles in readiness in case the man should advance suddenly upon them, they cleared away the snow and penetrated to the furthest corner of the miserable abode inhabited by this wretched creature.

There was no fire, the dead embers lying scattered upon the bare floor, and not a sign of the solitary occupant of the place was to be seen.

"He has gone after the youngster, I'll bet," cried Jed. "We must find him, but even now I'm afraid we'll be too late."

Leaving the place, they set off towards the south, in the direction of an old fox den that Harry used sometimes to visit, in the hope of finding him there.

In the course of a couple of hours, it being then nearly noon, the sun arose, the aurora having faded out shortly before that, and they now had a more cheery sight, although it had been by no means dark previously.

Arrived at the den, they found no trace of their missing comrade, and with saddened hearts they struck off toward that part of the coast where they had first made a landing.

* * * * * *

Meantime, what had become of Harry?

He lay on the sloping ice watching the bear for some time, until the darkness began to steal down, and with it came the first flakes of snow.

He advanced upwards toward the opening a couple of feet, being still out of reach of the bear's sharp claws, and watched the huge creature with great interest.

When the snow first began to fall, Bruin did not seem to mind it much, but as the flakes flew thicker and faster it was not so pleasant.

He did not seem to want to leave his point of vantage for a more sheltered spot, for then his intended victim would escape him, and yet it was not very comfortable sitting there in the storm even for a bear, which is supposed to be accustomed to such things.

Finally he lay down flat upon the snow, his nose pointing to the opening, watching it with his small, bloodshot eyes.

Harry also remained on guard, not caring to run the risk of having a companion just then, and wondering what tactics the bear would next hit upon.

The storm grew wilder and wilder, and finally the bear seemed to have got enough of it, and turning tail, prepared to slide down into his winter residence.

Harry had something to say about this, however, and the instant that the bear's hind quarters blocked up the opening, that instant did Harry drive his knife into them clear to the hilt.

Bruin bounded out of that with a roar, and although Harry's situation was one of great peril, he could not forbear to laugh heartily when he saw the sudden retreat of his enemy.

A second time did the bear attempt to make the descent, and a second time did the sharp prod from the knife warn him of the danger of such a maneuver.

The next time he advanced head first, but the moment his paws touched the ice within reach of Harry, the sharp knife came slashing across them.

The young fellow was in a desperate strait, and so fought all the more fiercely, being determined that the bear should not enter if he knew it.

The creature retreated to some little distance after this rebuff, and Harry crawled up almost to the top of the incline where he could use his hands to better advantage.

Before he could get wholly out, the bear again dashed upon him, and our hero again drove the knife into his flesh, maddening but not killing him.

The huge beast then lay down close to the opening, watching the boy's every movement, his eyes glowing like two coals of fire, his red tongue hanging out of his mouth, his teeth covered with froth and blood, his whole aspect one of savage determination.

Harry could not attack unless the bear advanced, and he could not get out unless the latter went away, which he seemed to have no notion of doing.

"Very well," muttered Harry. "I can wait as long as you can, my friend, for I'm quite comfortable here, and you are not. How do you like being kept out of your house all night? It's lucky that you're a batchelor, and that Mrs. Bruin and the babies are not sitting up for you downstairs. I am heartily glad for myself that they are not."

For two hours the bear lay there before the cave, watching and listening, Harry keeping his blazing eyes in sight, and, though cramped and uncomfortable, never leaving his position.

The snow flew about in blinding drifts, and occasionally a gust of it would sweep into Harry's face, and cause him to utter an exclamation of disgust.

At last, after a long wait, he suddenly heard a strange sound outside, and heard the bear spring up, though he could not see him.

Something, perhaps another bear, had fallen over him, and the two seemed to be engaged in a desperate struggle for the mastery.

Then, to Harry's great surprise, he heard a human voice uttering the most terrible curses.

It was a man, then, with whom the bear was engaged.

That man was no other than Pedro, the boy's deadly enemy.

Harry heard the sound of blows, the roar of pain and rage of the bear, the oaths and cries for help of the man.

The combatants had retired from the opening, and Harry, quickly dragging himself out, leaped forward, knife in hand.

He fell upon the body of the bear, but plunging his knife at random deep into the creature's side, drove it to the hilt into the flesh.

There was a roar, the huge beast rolled over upon his side, just missing crushing Harry under his weight, there were a few convulsive motions, a short gasp or two for breath, and then, with a stifled groan, the monster lay dead at our hero's feet.

"Oh, I am killed, he has torn me to pieces. I shall die here in the storm. I shall never find my hut in such a night. Is there no help for a poor sinner in his dying hour?"

"Are you badly hurt, Pedro?" asked Harry, gently. "I have a shelter here, and, as such it is, you shall share it with me."

"Ha! It is you, the young Remington, Harpoon Harry, the boat-steerer of the Dolphin, the castaway of the Antarctic? I do not dream? It is you, whom I have sworn to kill, and now I am at your mercy?"

"The bear is dead; you have nothing more to fear from him. Are you badly hurt?"

"The monster has torn open my side, he has crushed in my ribs. Ah!" with a sudden, sharp cry of pain and a weakening of the voice, "he has taken my life—oh, the villain! I shall die in this storm."

"Let me help you," said Harry, quietly, and lifting the man's body from the ground, he lowered him gently into the bear's den.

"I had lost my way in this brute of a storm," muttered the man, in a faltering voice, "and I could not find the path. The darkness and the tempest frightened me. I went far astray.

"I fell, in the dark, against this monster bear, and he has done for me. I would have killed the young Harry, and now this fiend of a brute has—— Ha! how my blood seems to freeze; ha! what pains go through my heart! Are you there? I must speak before all is at end."

"I am here," was the quiet answer. "I wish that I might do something to ease your sufferings."

After a pause, during which the man groaned frightfully, seeming to be in great agony, he continued:

"I cannot go without telling you something. It was not I who planned to kill you. I was but the instrument. Manning and the mate employed me, seeing my hatred for you, though they did not know my secret, as you did when you knew who I was.

"The villain Manning wished to get you out of the way, that he might be avenged on your father for being more successful in his suit for the hand of your mother. Ah! how I freeze!"

After a little the man went on again, Harry being very much surprised at these revelations.

"Brown hated you because you stood in his way. What torture! On your death, if you did not survive your mother, he would get a fortune, which no one was to know of until the death of you or your mother. The black-hearted Rufus told him of it, and this man, a distant kindred, bargained with me to take your life.

"I was but too glad when I had discovered that you were the son of that old enemy of mine. But he did right, for I was a hardened villain. Now I have told you all, and I can die in some comfort. Ha! must I suffer forever?"

He seemed to sink fast after this, and his breath came in gasps, and with evident pain.

He did not speak again for some time, when he suddenly cried out to Harry to give him his hand.

He took and kissed it, and then with a last sharp cry of agony gave one convulsive shudder and passed on into eternity.

Jed and his comrades were much surprised upon nearing the coast to see, lying before the entrance of a bear's den the dead body of its late occupant, and near it, Harry's gun, while on the ice about and far in the hole were heavy clots of blood.

"The poor boy is dead!" shrieked Jed, "and this brute has killed him."

"No, he hasn't," they heard a voice cry from beneath their feet, and then Harry himself emerged from the cave, much to their astonishment.

He soon told them everything, and they concluded to leave Pedro's body in the cave, the entrance to which they filled up solid with blocks of ice, closing the chinks with snow.

After this they returned to the ship, where they remained until the Antarctic summer broke up the ice and forced them to change their quarters.

They saved enough from the wreck, which did not break up all at once, to build a comfortable dwelling, which they stocked with all the necessaries.

Then a ship coming astray into the harbor, they signaled it, and were taken aboard.

When they reached home they were looked upon as men risen from the dead, for none of their companions had ever returned, and parts of the wreck of the Dolphin had been found two years before, so that it was not supposed that any had survived.

Harry's prophecy had come true, though he himself had long forgotten it.

His mother was dead, and a fortune was awaiting him, which he soon shared with the sister of Syd Randolph, with whom he had long been in love.

Jed and Jim went to sea again, and met with many marvelous adventures, none of which, however, seemed to them to equal those which had befallen them when they were castaways on the desolate land of the Antarctic.

This, then, is the story of Harpoon Harry and his wanderings, of whom and the reader I now take a pleasant farewell.

Next week's issue will contain "HANK MONK, THE STAGE-DRIVER OF THE PACIFIC SLOPE."

SPECIAL NOTICE:—All back numbers of this weekly are always in print. If you cannot obtain the ones you want from any newsdealer, send the price in money or postage stamps by mail to FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 24 UNION SQUARE, New York City, and you will receive the copies you order by return mail.

A MASKED MYSTERY

AN UP-TO-DATE SERIAL STORY

By J. T. BROUGHAM

(CHAPTER XVII—continued.)

And it seemed as if he would succeed, for the cab was bowling along at a lively rate of speed, and the detective had all he could do to keep it in sight.

Straight up to Central Park it went, the officer, tired out, far in the rear, but still running after it with the resolve to keep it in view.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ROBBER'S CAVE.

A few moments after the carriage entered the park, Tom reached the gateway and saw that it was gone.

"Vanished now!" he muttered.

Then he passed further into the park, and met one of the policemen coming toward him.

"I say!" he exclaimed, addressing the officer.

"Well?" demanded the other, pausing.

"Did you see a cab just enter this gate?"

"Black horse?"

"Yes."

"Going pretty fast?"

"Yes."

"It just passed me."

"Which way did it go?"

"Straight on."

"Thank you."

Tom hurried along the carriage roadway and thought:

"He means to bring her to some sequestered place and there enforce his blackmailing."

Some distance further on he met another officer, to whom he propounded some questions.

"In this manner he kept track of the carriage, and arriving in the vicinity of the cave, he suddenly came to the conclusion that Hawkins meant to get the girl in that rocky den.

There he would be free from molestation, and could frighten her into giving him an order for the money.

Consequently Tom hurried to the cave.

He saw the carriage he had been pursuing presently, standing in the roadway, the door open; the driver on his box, and no one in the vehicle.

"My calculation was not wrong," he muttered.

Then he got in the path leading to the cavern.

At the entrance it slopes downward, and the path is rugged and pebbly, but he took great caution to avoid making any noise, and went down.

As he drew close to the triangular-shaped entrance, he heard voices coming from inside.

It was Hawkins and his cousin speaking.

"At last! I've cornered him!" he muttered.

Then he drew nearer and listened intently.

The voice of Maud reached his ears, her voice low and pleading, and she was saying:

"It is cruel and heartless of you to persecute me this way. I never did you any harm, Jim."

"Don't be a clam!" was the brusque reply. "You know I am in a corner and must have money to get away with. So you can end your whining."

"But you have a thousand dollars."

"I know it. But it isn't enough."

"Then take me home—out of this dreadful place and I will give you the money."

"No. I want it now."

"We have no writing materials——"

"Yes, I have. Here is a stylographic pen."

"Oh! This is terrible!"

"Well, I can't help it. I'm accused on a false charge. The demons of the law are on my trail. They want to hang me for a crime I didn't commit."

"Remember that the proof of your guilt is overwhelming," said the girl. "You were seen by the servant on September 8th and 10th prowling in the hall——"

"Bosh!" he interrupted.

"Well, that is the sworn evidence."

"It is a lie. On those nights Harvey Midnight called at uncle's house to see me. He sent me to the city on an errand for him both times and I can prove it. I did not return either night, and left him in the house. If any one killed Roderick Ruddyglow he did it. I'll tell you why: he gave me a vial of poison at my own request, and it turned out to be the same kind of stuff that killed Uncle Roderick."

"Ha! The truth is out," muttered Tom, with a start, as he peered ahead at the gloomy entrance. "That accounts for the man's possession of the vial! It was exactly like those I got in the doctor's rack. And the poison was composed of the same substance!"

The girl's reply was in startled tones.

"Did he give you that vial?" she gasped.

"Of course he did!" replied Hawkins.

"But what did you want with it?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. Such things, I thought at the time, serve a despairing man to hurry his own doom."

"Suicide!"

"Exactly—see the point? Now see here."

"What is it, Jim?"

"That detective said I tried to drown you."

"You—drown—me?"

"Precisely—in the North river a few nights ago."

"Well, you didn't."

"Jim, I will tell you."

"Do, for Heaven's sake—I'm curious."

"It was Harvey Midnight!" said Maud.

"He did, eh? But what for?"

"Oh, I do not know. You know he once professed to love

me. I don't believe he does now. If he did, he would not have tried to sacrifice my life."

"How did it happen, anyway, Maud?"

"He decoyed me to a dock by a letter containing the lie that he could tell me who killed Uncle Roderick.

"Foolishly I went there and met him. Had it not been for Tom Wonder, the scoundrel would have killed me."

"Oh, you must have had a talk with him first."

"Yes—so I did."

"Then you know why he tried to fix you."

"I may have an opinion, but he said nothing to give me an inkling of his object."

"Your idea and mine must be alike."

"How so? What do you think of it?"

"Well, it stands about this way——"

Their tones were lowered, and Tom could not catch a word of what they then said.

"I cannot understand this couple," he muttered. "It seems so queer that they should speak in this social, calm manner after their enmity of to-night, and all that they did to injure each other. There is no consistency in it, unless they want to exchange ideas before resuming hostilities."

Tom's idea was wrong.

Maud had another object in view.

She wanted to escape from her wicked cousin.

To do so with more chance of success, she engaged him in this conversation to distract his attention from her plans in order to take him unawares.

A moment later her object was made manifest.

She gave Jim a sudden shove that sent him falling upon the floor of the cave in a heap.

He uttered a startled exclamation, and she darted past him, and ran out the entrance of the cave!

As she did so she beheld Tom.

"Saved, saved!" she muttered, thrilled with joy.

"Come back here!" yelled Hawkins, arising to his feet.

He divined her object then, and was fearfully enraged.

Then he rushed out after the flying girl.

Click-click!

It was Ton's revolver that spoke.

The hammer was raised, and the muzzle was thrust directly in front of the startled man's face.

He recoiled with a gasp.

"Halt!"

It was Tom who spoke thus.

He saw that he had the man off his guard.

But Hawkins quickly recovered his presence of mind, and wheeling around he dashed into the cave again.

Then an idea of a disagreeable nature occurred to Tom.

"There was a back entrance to the cave. He will escape!"

Bang! went his pistol an instant afterward, and he rushed into the cave, crying to Maud:

"Stay where you are!"

Hawkins had gone flying up the stairs at the back entrance, and Tom pursued him, assured that his shot was wasted.

The rascal had a good start, though.

Beside the top of the staircase is an abrupt descent into a pond, and Hawkins stood on this minature cliff.

He glanced back over his shoulder and saw the detective coming up the stairs after him.

And without a word he sprang off the rocks down amid the water and shrubbery below.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE INSPECTOR'S NEWS.

Tom glanced down over the edge of the cliff, but saw nothing of Hawkins in the darkness.

The girl came up the stairs from the cave.

"So it was Midnight who tried to drown you?" asked Tom, as he saw the girl emerge from the entrance up on the rocks.

"Oh!" she exclaimed. "Did you hear what we said?"

"Every word."

"Then you know——"

"That your cousin is innocent."

"You refer to the murder, too?"

"Of course, I do."

"Where is Jim now?"

"He has jumped off this cliff."

"Oh! Has he killed himself?"

"That is hard to say. I hope not, though."

"Can't you go down and see?"

"Certainly. But why are you so anxious about him?"

"I have a heart—that is enough, isn't it?"

"Yes. So it was Harvey Midnight who gave him that bottle of poison? And on the 8th and 10th of September he sent Jim out of the manor? Now I've got a word to say to you. It was Midnight who killed your uncle with that poison."

"Harvey Midnight!"

"He and no one else."

"But why should he—an utter stranger to my uncle—wish to kill him? The idea is absurd, Mr. Wonder."

"Perhaps you can explain the mystery."

"How do you mean, sir."

"Didn't he try to kill you, too?"

The girl did not reply.

Tom cast a peculiar glance at her, and said:

"Wait here until I go down and see what befell him."

And so saying, he went down through the cave again, and going around the rocks to the pool, he found the spot where Hawkins had fallen down.

The tree branches and shrubbery were broken and bruised at the spot, and he saw some footprints leading away amid the undergrowth.

"He has not injured himself by his fall, as these foot-marks evince," the detective muttered, "and the rascal has evidently run away."

Then he called Maud down.

When she joined him, he said:

"Hawkins is safe for the present again."

"Do you mean to say that he is uninjured?"

"Probably entirely so, as these clews indicate."

"I am glad of that."

"For my part, I wish he had broken his neck."

"You are cruel."

"I am just."

"You said he was innocent of murder."

"So he is. I'm going to prove it."

"Then let him go, Mr. Wonder."

"No. I won't prove a thing until he is captured."

"Very well," said the girl, snapping her teeth.

"Oh, I know why you are so solicitous for him."

"You do? Then why?"

"Because he has you in his power, and you fear that if he is arrested he will betray you."

"That is partly the reason, sir."

"Now I want you to do me a favor."

"Name it, sir."

"Tell me what this secret of yours is."

"Never!"

"If you do I may aid you a good deal."

"You are kind, but can do nothing."

"Look out. You may be mistaken, miss."

"I guess not. The secret is too important to expose."

"You are in Harvey Midnight's power, too!"

"No, and yes."

"Well, he is in Jim Hawkins' power as well."

"A triangular game," said the girl, coldly.

"And I am going to fathom it."

"You can't do it unless either Jim or Harvey tell what they know," said Maud.

"I know it. I'll force a confession from one or the other. But, candidly, will you confess what motive prompted Harvey to try to drown you?"

"I do not know—I can only guess."

"But why did you refuse to tell me who your assailant was on the night I dragged you from the river?"

"Simply because I found at the time that you might discover the secret Harvey Midnight possesses about me."

"You was afraid he would give you away?"

"Of course. It saved a heap of bother afterwards,"

"Well, what is to be done now?"

"Don't you think you had better go home?"

"That is just what was uppermost in my mind."

"Then take my arm—I'll escort you there."

The girl complied.

She liked the detective, but her mind was so upset by the ordeals she passed through that she had but little time for sentiment.

Upon leaving the park, Tom put her in a cab and sent her home.

Then he went to the 64th street entrance of the park, and making inquiries of the policeman there, he discovered that Hawkins had left the park at that gate.

The officer noticed that he had gone straight over through Sixty-fourth street, from which Tom inferred that he made his way to Third avenue to get the elevated cars.

Tracking the man to the station at Sixty-fourth street, he learned from the cashier that a person answering to Jim's appearance had just passed through a few moments before, and had gone downtown.

The next move was to go down and get off at every station along the line and ask the gateman if a man of Hawkins' looks had alighted.

Owing to the lateness of the hour, and the few people traveling, it was no trouble to locate the man.

He had alighted at Forty-second street.

There all trace of him was lost.

The detective was obliged to give up the hunt for that night, and going to his hotel he sent out a general telegraphic alarm to the different precincts.

If Jim Hawkins was met, he would certainly go to jail upon any one recognizing him after that.

On the following day no news had come in, and Tom started off to begin his hunt again with renewed zeal.

But scarcely had he gained the street, when he was met by the inspector.

"Ah, Tom, glad to see you, my boy. I am in luck."

"Why?" asked Tom. "What has happened?"

"I have got a confession from Midnight."

"About the poisoning case?"

"Yes. By a little subtle questioning and tangling him up in his cell I have discovered that he is the murderer."

"By jove, that is good news. How did you do it?"

"I'll tell you, but as Midnight would not mention any motive he had for doing the deed it is yet impossible to say anything on that score."

"Oh, you can get the motive later on."

"Beyond a doubt."

"Well, how about the crime, sir?"

"It happened this way: Midnight and Hawkins were chums, and Midnight often spent a quiet evening with Hawkins at Mr. Ruddyglow's manor. Locked up in Hawkins' rooms, they played games of chance night after night, until the time came when Jim was disowned by his uncle. Hawkins went away. Two weeks before his uncle died he came back, and learned that his uncle was confined to his room, not feeling well. Jim did not dare to venture near his uncle's room for fear of creating a scene. So he bribed the servants to keep his stay there a secret. They agreed. On the night of September the 8th Jim sent for the doctor, explained that he was living surreptitiously at his uncle's house, and they had a game of cards in Hawkins' room over a bottle of wine. Jim had laid aside his clothing—the same suit you found in the doctor's house, and donned a new suit he bought. When the game was half finished Midnight sent Jim to New York for him on an errand, for which he paid Hawkins liberally. Then he donned the suit his dupe had worn, put on a wig, false mustache and eyebrows, darkened his face, and with a vial of poison in his hand he stole upstairs to Roderick Ruddyglow's bedroom."

CHAPTER XX.

AT WEST POINT.

The inspector paused in his recital to let a man go by and get out of ear-shot, as they stood in the street.

Then he continued:

"Harvey Midnight entered Roderick Ruddyglow's sleeping apartment and poured some of the poison from the vial into the sick man's medicine. When he got out in the hall the servant saw him, and as he was made up to look like Jim, she imagined it was Hawkins and addressed him. He did not reply, but averting his face, he hurried off to Jim's bedroom, savage at having been discovered, and yet delighted to find that he had been mistaken for Jim."

"The villain!" commented Tom.

"He took pains to get out of the house unseen that night," the inspector continued, "and went home. When Jim returned the next day he did not miss his clothes, nor had he any suspicion of what his false friend had done. On the second day afterwards, or rather it was after nightfall, Harvey again called on Jim."

"That was on the 10th, wasn't it, sir?"

"Yes. He again found an excuse for sending Jim away, and once more made his way up to Roderick Ruddyglow's room with the vial of poison, attired in Jim's clothes, and made up to look like him in order to throw suspicion on his friend, should any arise."

"He is a sly rascal!"

"Very. At any rate, he again put a portion of the drug in the old man's medicine, and while he was glancing down upon his sleeping victim, the same servant saw what he was doing, and imagined he was Jim Hawkins. He went away again that night. No more of the poison was necessary, for he had given him enough for the dark work."

"And you forced all this from Harvey Midnight's lips, sir?"

"Every bit. He made an almost clean breast of everything."

"Then he has actually convicted himself."

"That is just what he has done."

"Did you mention what his old black housekeeper did?"

"You refer to her swallowing that paper?"

"Yes."

"I showed him the box the paper had been in, and said you found the document. He was appalled for awhile, but, recovering himself, he swore that you had not. He wanted me to tell him what the paper said, and, in short, he got the best of me on that point, for he would not give himself away."

"Hasn't the coroner recovered the paper the old woman swallowed?" asked Tom. "That would explain itself."

"I have not seen him yet."

"Haven't you any idea why Midnight killed the old man?"

"No. It is really a blank mystery to me, as I can't divine why he should do so. They were not even old acquaintances, and consequently could not have been enemies. I am sure that he would not have done the deed out of pure rascality, yet I can't fathom a single motive he would be likely to have."

"That tends to show," said Tom, "that all depends on the arrest of Jim Hawkins. He ought to make clear the whole thing. The doctor is in his power, you know, and a revelation of his secret might bring much to light that now seems dark and intricate."

"Well, I've got a little news for you that may be of service, and was just going to stop in to tell you as you came out of the hotel."

"About Hawkins?"

"Of course. The night ticket agent of the Grand Central depot heard of our want of Hawkins from the company's private detective, and came down to my office to see me. He is personally acquainted with Jim, and saw him last night. Hawkins came to the window and purchased a ticket for Garrisons, on the Hudson river division. It is very likely you will find him hiding there now."

"Then I'll start off at once, inspector. He has got a thousand dollars in his pocket which he got from Red Leary in an odd way. I'll tell you about it so you can rectify the matter for Miss Potsboy."

Tom then explained all he had witnessed.

When he concluded, he parted with the chief, and hastened up to the Hudson River Railroad depot in Forty-second street, and bought a ticket for Garrisons.

He caught the 11:30 train, and arrived at his destination at 1:10 in the afternoon.

It was a quiet, sleepy little village, opposite West Point, having high hills, dusty roads, and a yellow tavern.

Tom had partly disguised himself on the train and wore a full black beard when he alighted.

Proceeding to the little hotel, he went into the tap-room, and was met by a very stout, red-faced individual who owned the place.

"Can I get lodgings here?" he asked.

"I can accommodate you, sir," was the polite reply.

"Quiet place, isn't it?"

"Very. Only got a few boarders."

"Any recent ones?"

"Only one, who came in last night."

"Lady?"

"Law no! A gent."

"Perhaps my brother! What name?"

"Halsey."

"Why, that is my name. Must be him."

"He ain't in jest now, but soon will be."

"What sort of looking chap is he?"

"Very dark faced, well built, and has black hair."

"No! That isn't my brother."

"Too bad. He's gone across the river."

"To the military academy?"

"Yes, sir. Wants to see the cadets."

"Don't mention my questions to him on his return."

"Of course, not. I ain't no meddler, sir."

"Then I'll register and pay you in advance."

"Here's the book, sir. Sign here."

Tom inscribed a fictitious name, had his lunch, and leaving the tavern he went down to the river and boarded the little ferry-boat Highlander.

It carried him across the Hudson to the path leading up to the military institution.

The detective walked up the path.

On either side arose a steep acclivity.

It was a lonely spot, as no one else was passing.

He had gone about half way up when a man stepped from amid the bushes at one side, glanced at him sidewise, and walked on ahead of Tom.

He was Jim Hawkins.

"I say, friend!" the detective exclaimed, as he accelerated his footsteps and altered his voice.

Hawkins paused and glanced back at him.

"What do you want?" he asked, gruffly.

"Is this the way up to the school?"

"It is."

"Much obliged."

"Don't mention it."

"Going up there yourself?"

"I reckon I am, stranger."

"Then maybe you know the commandant?"

"I know a good many up here. Why?"

"I've come to pay him a bill I owe, and——"

"Oh, yes—I know him quite well," said Jim.

"I'm down from Troy, you see," said Tom, confidentially, "and I'm pretty nervous, too, about this money. Don't like carrying large sums nohow, it's so dangerous, there's so many sharpers a-layin' for folks nowadays, and one don't know just exactly who to trust."

"That's so," acquiesced Jim, with a nod. "I'm sorry for you and glad you told me. I'll help you all I can—see the point? Now just come on with me, and I will guide you to the commandant's quarters."

"He's going to make a break," thought Tom, "to rob me."

He walked along beside the man, ascending the long, sloping path, and Jim said, insinuatingly:

"I suppose the money is not in checks?"

"Lor' no. I've got it in big bills in here," replied Tom, clapping his bosom.

As he did so, he did not observe the sinuous hand of Hawkins slip behind his back, nor did he see the rascal steal his revolver out of his coat pocket.

Hawkins chuckled inwardly as he transferred Tom's weapon to his own pocket.

If he had any evil design on the detective, Tom was now unarmed, and almost at his mercy.

CHAPTER XXI.

OVER THE EMBANKMENT.

Tom and Hawkins by this time had reached a point towering above the railroad track.

The afternoon sun was shining down upon the sluggish tide of the river, which here and there was dotted with white sails of passing yachts.

Upon the green sward of the terraces lounged several tight-buttoned, gray-coated cadets under the trees, reading and talking, and idly watching the detective and his companion as they came up the path.

Hawkins had evidently been upon the reservation before, as he led the detective straight up the path to the building of offices, thence to the path leading past the mess-room in Grant Hall, and so on to the main building where the cadets were quartered.

(This story to be continued in our next issue.)

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